JOHN BULL, JUNE 22, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1201.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

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—THEY'RE ALL WASHED WITH Persil!

PERSIL is ready to use immediately you open the packet. No paring of soap. No soap jelly to make. All you do is to follow the simple directions clearly given on the packet for whatever kind of washing you are doing. Persil washes *everything*—and leaves everything clean and soft and fresh. Persil will even renew the softness and fluffiness of woollens made hard and harsh by improper washing. The oxygen Persil releases in the washing water makes rubbing unnecessary Yet it washes clothes much *cleaner*. Do try Persil!

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CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester

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PRISM Binoculars, x 8 Magnification, with leather case and strap, 52/6.—R. Woodfall, 41, Villiers St., Strand, London, W.C.2.

WRITE for free patterns offered in the Willerby advertisement on page 33. Simply send the coupon and mention John Bull.

WRITE for wonderful Catalogue "W." post free, offered in the WHITELEY CYCLE advt. on page 30.

YOU can obtain a free book from the proprietors of Odol Tooth Paste on receipt of a 1½d. stamp. See page 35.

SEND at once for free List of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES. Mention John Bull. See page 12.

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TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profits. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 Goat, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

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WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/3 for generous supply or 1d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Cednor, Derby.

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THE medicinal properties of Bols Very Old Genever are really marvellous. Try it next time you feel out of sorts and depressed. It's a very good plan to take a SMALL glass daily. Bols V.O. Genever keeps the system regular.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for whly. payments. Inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Road, W.C.1

STARTING and Lighting Batteries, Smith's M.A., for all cars, from 35/-; 10/- balance, 10/- mthly. Also Michelin 1929 Non-skids.—Robins, 97, Latchmere Rd., Battersea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE for your free copy of the B.D.V. Gift Book. For address see advt. on page 18. Mention John Bull.

FREE.—£300 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £30; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 37. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label from a "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Wednesday, June 26. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

CAN YOU ANSWER THIS? Do you know the legend behind the famous Willow Pattern—that delightful design which now adorns the latest chinaware? An interesting booklet, "The Story of the Blue Willow Pattern," will be sent to you gratis and post free if you write to the well-known mail order house of E. J. Hemsley, and mention John Bull. The advt. at top of page 3 gives the full address.

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

I guarantee your satisfaction

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Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply in your own home by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. The "Hand" System, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand & Co., 20, New Oxford Street, London W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1, made in the first year (1928) net profits £6,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14! (Certified by Chartered Accountants, Wardhaugh, McVean, Duncan & Co., 9, Southampton Street, W.C.2). One investment of £1 1s. brought in £42! Ambitious men! Don't wait for promotion! Become your own master! Ambitious women! This is a new career for you! Send to-day for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Enclose 1½d. stamp.)

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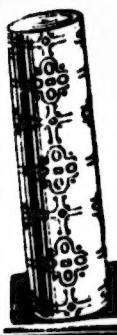

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WHIPYARN is an excellent material much stronger and better than whipcord. Will stand hard wear and always looks well. Stylishly cut, finest workmanship.

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Add 6d. for postage and 6d extra over 40 in. waist.

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Carr. Paid U.K. or 21 down and 11 monthly payments of 9/9. Model 7a. Beautifully mahogany finished Cabinet, 40 ins. high (as illustrated but not inlaid). Complete with DOUBLE SPRING 3-record "Collaro" Motor, 12in New Metal Sound Chamber. Full, fine tone and enormous volume. Send NOW for FREE Catalogue, or call and inspect FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES, (1929) LTD., (Dept. J.B.6), 73, Cromer Rd., London, E.W.1 (also at 10, High St., N., Hornsey; 361, High Rd., Tottenham; 41, George St., Croydon, and Bolton, Liverpool, Glasgow and Manchester.

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With collar and pocket attached. In durable quality Grey and Cream. All sizes to fit boys of 4 to 14 years 2/6. Post 3d.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full without question.

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In fancy stripes of strong flannelette, full cut, gusseted and double yoke, and made for strong, hard service.

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Adjustable—takes no room—weighs nothing—disappears when not in use. Made in costly nickel silver, it pays for itself with first ironing bill saved.

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Stocked only for 24-inch and 26-inch suitcases. (Please state size required)

Try Smartel by leaving your jacket in it for 2 or 3 days in a fully loaded suitcase.

A great little invention, patented in all countries.

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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, June 22, 1929. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Snowden's Inquisition—Aliens Breathe Again

Liberal Cuts—We have "the Goods"

Anxious UndergrounD

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN proposes to have the taxation of land values investigated by the Revenue officials.

He will have the results of this investigation before him when the time comes for introducing his Budget next April, if the Labour Government holds out till then; and if the state of his balance-sheet necessitates the raising of new revenue on a large scale, this is the direction in which he will look for it.

* * *

With the Liberal Party and the Labour Party both committed to the policy in their programmes, there would normally be nothing to prevent its unimpeded passage into law.

Subtle poison

We are surprised by a serial which is printed in *Liberty*—America's JOHN BULL.

The story pretends to be a journalist's account of the Red Invasion of the United States which takes place in 1933-1936.

The author, one Floyd Gibbons, paints a lurid picture of a defenceless U.S.A. swept and ravaged by ruthless invaders.

There is more in this exciting novelette than meets the eye.

* * *

It looks like subtle propaganda, inspired by the considerable American interests which secretly long to see the United States Army and Navy unquestionably supreme against any hostile alliance.

Goes well with General Dawes' invitation to Mr. MacDonald concerning naval disarmament, doesn't it?

Old friends

An interesting feature of the new Ministry is the close relation that will exist between Sir John Simon, as head of the Indian Commission, and Captain Wedgwood Benn, the Secretary of State for India.

* * *

It so happens that these two are personal friends, and their friendship was not severed when "Wedgie" left the Liberal Party for Socialism.

No doubt they have already met and had some conversation on the looming problem of India.

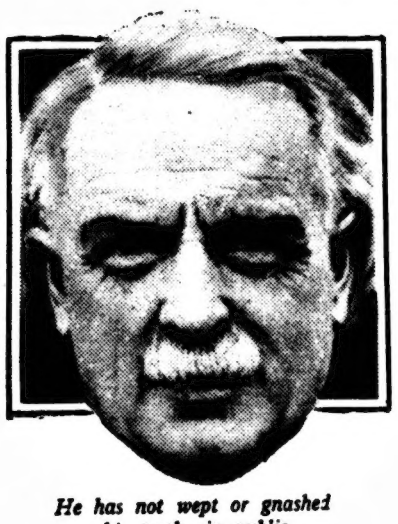
Those aliens

Look out for some interesting developments in the alien deportation problem. Even his friends were inclined to think Sir William Joynson-Hicks just a little too zealous in banishing aliens whose operations were trivial in comparison with the offences committed by other foreigners who are still here.

The Home Office policy under the present Government is likely to be modified.

* * *

After all, it should be possible to weed out the hardened alien crooks without the risk of offending the Italian and French Embassies, whose prestige is injured by constant advertising of the fact that so many of their countrymen follow, if not crooked, at least unsavoury occupations.



He has not wept or gnashed his teeth—in public

Happy warrior in defeat

Lloyd George has taken the collapse of his Election dreams like a man. Not even the defection of Sir W. A. Jowitt to Labour has stung him to public weeping or gnashing of teeth.

But his own political machinery is being rapidly dismantled.

Fifteen employees at his Old Queen Street headquarters, each earning a large salary, have been given notice that their services are no longer required.

They will be accompanied in departure by a corresponding quota of typists and other workers.

At present "L.G." declares that he will fight the next Election as vigorously and on as grand a scale as ever.

But they do say that unless it recuperates meantime, even the "L.G. Fund" will not stand the strain of another £1,000,000 General Election.

Winston's weighty words

The pungent article which Mr. Winston Churchill contributed to our last issue has roused world-wide interest.

Its most telling points flashed across the world to foreign and dominion newspaper offices as soon as JOHN BULL was on sale.

Mr. Churchill said all that the late Government had to say on why the Conservative Party crumbled at the polls; but we notice that the *Daily Express* has pursued the subject to the dregs in a series of articles by sundry Tory politicians.

But if you want the "real goods," you must still come to JOHN BULL for them.

A hint

Cases of death from encephalitis lethargica (sleepy sickness) following vaccination are cropping up at the coroners' courts with disturbing frequency.

Doctors declare them due to germs long dormant in the body.

How many more cases there are which do not end fatally, but which are none the less tragic in their terrible after-effects, is a matter for surmise.

The Ministry of Health experts must get to the root of the matter, and explore the chances of preventing this scourge by propaganda for effective after-cure in all vaccination cases. Here is the root of the whole evil.

Watch anthracite

The Melchett Combine is drawing the strings round anthracite. Only a dozen collieries in Wales remain outside the combine, which is purchasing a good deal of the anthracite produced by these. Negotiations are proceeding to acquire the collieries themselves. The object, of course, is to corner anthracite.

Will the enormous sums which have been spent on the effort be eventually recovered from the public by means of an increase in the cost of anthracite?

Meanwhile, twelve collieries have been closed down for good, and about 2,000 men thrown out of work. The men's conditions have been made substantially worse. In the Ammanford area, for instance, the rates for piecework have been reduced by from 5d. to 1s. per ton.

Breezy

We have before us a full report, worth repeating, of the "Plumb to Hell" incident in which the new American Ambassador, General Dawes, figured some weeks ago. Here it is.

Reporter: "Mr. Ambassador, are you taking any of those silk Court knickers with you to London?"

The General: "Do you want a diplomatic answer, or the answer that deserves?"

Reporter: "Shoot!"

The General: "Then you go plumb to hell—that's my business."

"Then you go plumb to hell—"

Then when the camera men were taking their pictures, the new Ambassador remarked: "I'd better take the pipe out of my mouth. I'm a diplomat now (pause)—no, by gosh, I won't."

This sort of thing is politically distressing reading for the old guard of the diplomatic world.

But we like it.

An anxious peer

Lord Ashfield is politically unhappy. When Labour in 1924 passed the London Traffic Act, Mr. Herbert Morrison was strongly against it.

Mr. Morrison is now Minister of Transport, and dead against the London County Council move to bring the trams into the Traffic Combine, of which Lord Ashfield is the chairman.

Effective public control is Mr. Morrison's watchword. He has already issued some far-reaching regulations, and is at present in negotiation with the promoters of the new Traffic Bills.

Postal betting

The most ardent supporters of ready-money betting in this country hold the conviction that no Government will ever attempt to legalise cash-betting in this country.

But when we find four of the leading banks entering into an arrangement with the Racecourse Betting Control Board to issue chits to their clients for wagering on the totalisator, we must not be surprised at any drastic change in the betting laws in future.

This is undoubtedly a step in the direction of ready-money betting by post, and the S.P. bookmakers will not take this innovation lying down.

The pistol

The man behind one great artificial silk concern has said that if Mr. Snowden repeals the Safeguarding duties it will not interfere with his shareholders' dividends.

His firm will merely close down two English factories and open two new ones in Germany.

Dividends will not suffer—though several thousand British workers and their families will.

Threats, however, made in the heat of politics do not always materialise.

Hubert's icy dream

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the man who is about to make the attempt to cross the North Pole in a submarine, has been on a secret visit to England. Discussions are afoot to set up a great meteorological station near the Pole. The total cost of this station is estimated at a huge figure.

Its objects are to forecast weather, not months but years ahead, and to grapple with the problem of controlling the world's weather.

Later greycing

There is talk of the administrators of London greyhound-racing tracks taking a ballot on the question of later racing, and people whom they consider to be experts are being asked for their views.

We can put them right. Under present conditions the crowds leave the tracks—which are not licensed—in time for a drink on the way home.

Now they know what to do.

Watch for the winner

The result of the Rugby Election, postponed owing to the death of the former Labour candidate, has been declared. This is the final General Election poll to be announced.

Next week, therefore, we shall publish the winner of our great £500 Election Forecast Competition.

This winner will be the reader whose estimate most nearly tallies with the return of the total number of votes cast as published in the *Times* newspaper.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

We said so

Past warnings by JOHN BULL against emigration have been met by heated refutations from various interested quarters.

Now it is officially stated that five hundred New Zealanders, let alone British emigrants, are out of work in Wellington alone; in Dunedin emigrants join the local unemployed in seeking a meal at soup-kitchens run by a charitable organisation.

British emigrants in New Zealand must thank Mr. Amery for their plight. During the period he was Colonial Secretary he "talked more drivel"—to quote a Sydney newspaper—about conditions in the Dominions that any other British statesman.

It is to be hoped that the new Dominions Secretary will grapple with the realities of the situation.

Say it in whispers

Don't be startled by this!

The other day, in Downing Street, a Cabinet Minister was seen to emerge from the Prime Minister's residence with an arm round the waist of a lady friend.

But there is going to be no political scandal.

It was only Miss Margaret Bondfield walking out with a women's welfare worker, who has been a great friend of hers for many years.

Just a sign of the times.

Coddling ruin

How disastrous it is for Governments to interfere in private enterprise is shown by the fact that the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, Ltd., lost £241,816 for the year ending December 31 last, compared with £144,147 in 1927. The total deficit since the enterprise was founded ten years ago amounted at the end of last year to £11,556,916.

"That impetuous statesman . . ."

Both Australia and the United States have suffered terrible losses through the Government trying to control the shipping services.

That impetuous statesman Mr. W. M. Hughes cost Australia over £12,000,000 owing to his Government taking over the Commonwealth Line. The losses suffered by the United States Government in this manner are incalculable.

The repeated failure of Governments as shipowners or, as in Queensland, as sugar-cane farmers, conveys a lesson which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues would do well to bear in mind.

Accent on the "wool"

It is weary work analysing the eccentricities of the Woolwich Board of Guardians. They deserve the doughnut for their latest oddity.

An item of an economy plan the Board has just carried out was to make permanent the temporary post of assistant to the general relieving officer, held by Mr. W. H. Hannah, who is fifty-eight and has a wife and family of two.

Mr. Hannah has been dismissed, and an unmarried twenty-one-year-old man, who before was receiving £2 10s. weekly as a junior clerk, has been promoted to the post at its salary of £3 18s.

The Hannah family is now chargeable to the public and unemployment funds for nearly £2 weekly, part of which has to be paid by the board Mr. Hannah served.

To cap all, the guardians have just presented him with a glowing testimonial describing the efficiency with which he performed the duties of the post and lauding the excellence of his character and conduct.

Poison-gas afloat

Germany is building a 10,000-ton battleship, the *Ersatz-Preussen*, the first in the world to carry supplies of poison-gas which will be expelled from the turrets and other control positions.

What does Herr Stresemann, Germany's official dove, think?

The Germans are also reported to be equipping this hell-ship with the largest torpedoes ever constructed, which will have a range of 16,000 yards and an explosive charge twice as heavy as that of the war-time torpedoes.

A new steel, of phenomenal lightness and strength, is being used in the construction.

The main armament consists of six 11-in. guns, capable of firing four rounds a minute, although each weighs only thirty-eight tons compared with the ninety-seven tons of the British 15-in. piece.

By the way, wasn't there a Treaty of Versailles some years ago, and wasn't there some talk of Germany being disarmed?

Britain's worst man

We wonder what Scotland Yard is going to do about Aleister Crowley, the notorious drug-fiend, who, we learn, has arrived in London, following the order of the boot from the French authority.

Crowley was imprisoned in America during the war; Canada threw him out as being a dangerous and useless member of society; the Italian Government expelled him from Sicily for being the ringleader in bestial ceremonies, which included the celebration of the black Mass.

Since he is a British subject, we cannot deport him. It is a pity, for many a young life has this perverted fiend brought to black ruin and disgrace.

Rubbing it in

Surely when a man who has obviously seen better days and has been buffeted and broken by Fate is haled before a police-court for begging there is no need for the magistrates to harrow his feelings.

A poor fellow, now aged sixty-two, and reduced to acquiring a pedlar's certificate, is a cultured man, and was once a Civil Servant.

Circumstances changed when his wife died, and after a long illness and an operation he grew so poor that he had to resort to the workhouse.

When the Bath Bench heard his record, it invited him to give a demonstration of shorthand-writing in court, and the admirable notes he made of a rapid piece of dictation were circulated among the magistrates and officials as a curiosity.

All the while the man, who had to endure a week's remand in jail, stood in the witness-box with tears welling in his eyes.

A sad lack

The Ministry of Health pays the Stanley Hospital, Liverpool, a £100 grant for the maintenance of an anthrax bed. Yet when John Kelly, a Liverpool dock labourer, contracted the disease, the hospital did not have any anti-anthrax serum handy. The unfortunate man had to be rushed to another hospital, where it was too late to save his life.

Mr. Greenwood, the new Health Minister, must probe

In view of the fact that the Stanley Hospital received £100 of the taxpayers' money to provide treatment for sufferers from anthrax, the least it can do is to maintain a constant stock of serum.

There has been serious bungling somewhere.

Men of burden

Bread carts are a relic of Victorian days. Yet bakers, through sheer lack of thought, and not, we are convinced, through lack of feeling, still make their men pull these vehicles. In hilly districts these carts place a strain upon the strongest man.

Overseas, bread carts are as dead as the dodo. Employers find that motor tricycles are a better proposition. Bakers here would do well to follow their example.

The shutter

Two members of the Camera Crook gang exposed in our last issue, and whose names we withheld because they were concerned in judicial proceedings relating to other offences, have now been sentenced.

One, Walter Yanks, has gone to jail for ten months, while the other, Leonard Winters, who is one of the worst figures in the underworld, has been given three years' penal servitude.

Their "Camera Crook" colleagues who are still at large, please note.

We don't like this

Many Boards of Guardians throughout the country curtail relief grants without question immediately it comes to their notice that a recipient has been given a donation by some charitable society.

This is a form of economy that hardly commends itself to us.

Charitable institutions do not exist to subsidise guardian boards, nor are they in the habit of dispensing gifts to the needy unless they are satisfied that the case is a worthy one.

The position to-day is such that a number of charities often pass over cases they would like to help simply because they know that whatever grant they make would be deducted by cheeseparing guardians from official relief.

Slippery

Readers who are shopkeepers should be on their guard against a clever touring swindler named L. Waddington.

He recently opened an office at Sheffield and obtained a quantity of goods on credit from local traders, who were impressed by his notepaper, headed "Soko Soap Products," and giving another address in Leeds as its headquarters.

Now he has disappeared from the Sheffield office, and reference to Leeds reveals the sorry fact that Waddington and his precious company are quite unknown there.

A stiff proposition

In a recent article we revealed the terrible agony of mind endured by Mrs. Eva Langston, who, owing to being pursued by a gang of blackmailers, had been forced to seek refuge with her husband in Australia.

The gang, which appears to have its headquarters in Birmingham, is not only continuing its cowardly attacks upon this poor woman in Australia, but it has turned its attention to us. This week we received a scurrilous message from an unknown address in Birmingham.

The gang may rest assured that it is now up against more than a timid and defenceless woman. The whole of the facts are in the possession of Scotland Yard.

A strange payment

The merchants trading in the Western Highlands and Islands have induced the Treasury to pay £2,500 to local transport companies if they will reduce their freights and fares.

Is this debited to the bribery account, or to what?

Sham fight, real tragedy

Here is a hard case. Mr. C. L. Muston, 60, Belmont Street, Southsea, a former bandsman of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, was wounded in last year's tournament at Olympia.

During a mimic battle he received a bayonet-wound in his chest.

After three months in hospital he was informed that he would never blow an instrument again.

He has been awarded a shabby pension of 9s. 9d. per week plus a £5 gratuity. On this he has to support his widowed mother.

Surely the Army can do something better than this for him.

Our readers helped too

J. Marsden-Firth, whose operations as a bogus financier have so constantly been exposed in these pages, has just been sentenced at the Old Bailey to eighteen months' hard labour.

Mr. H. D. Roome, the prosecuting counsel, paid tribute to the part played by JOHN BULL in warning the public against this hardened trickster, and we in turn would like to take this opportunity of thanking those readers who have co-operated with us by furnishing particulars of their own experiences.

An original

Maurice Victor Lee, of Knutsford, out for a little harmless fun, set fire to the herbage on the moor, causing a pet swan to be burned to death.

According to Police-Superintendent Leeds, the defendant knew the swan was sitting there, and lit the fire so that it would be trapped. He then walked to a position of safety on a hill and watched the swan vainly trying to escape the oncoming flames.

He was fined £15, which will not trouble Lee, for his family is not poor.

In the "bad old days" men like Lee were placed in the stocks and lighted torches thrown at them.

Pigs were his weakness

Thanks to frequent exposures in JOHN BULL, a rogue named Albert Frederick Roberts, who poses as a managing director, obtained his just deserts at the Old Bailey when the Common Sergeant sentenced him to three months' imprisonment for obtaining pigs by false pretences.

Roberts, who had a previous conviction, made a habit of asking auctioneers to buy stock, mostly pigs, for him on a commission basis. The stock was sold at Smithfield Market, mostly at a loss, and Roberts issued bogus cheques in payment.

A little honest work in jail won't hurt him.

Chara sharps

"There are card-sharpers on this train." The familiar warning given to passengers on race, excursion and holiday trains has been largely responsible for the disappearance of these pests from the railways.

They are now giving their attention to the motor-coaches, and, finding that a less sophisticated class of passenger travels on these vehicles, are making money on an easier and larger scale.

Charabanc owners should see that notices are displayed inside the coaches warning their customers not to play cards with strangers.

MYSTERIES of ASCOT

Mr Wallace sticks to his famous cigarette-holder—even at the races. You get that Ascot feeling even by looking at these folk in the middle. He in the top-boots is Sir Gordon Carter

by EDGAR WALLACE

HORSE-RACING is one of the greatest of our industries. It has a bigger cash turnover than the steel and iron trade and the coal trade combined.

The popularity of racing becomes an enthusiasm on Derby Day and a comfortable ecstacy during Ascot Week.

Consider this: in the whole year of racing only four consecutive days are devoted to the Ascot meeting. To serve the public on those four days an immense area of buildings is maintained, decorated, embellished and beautified, vast lawns keep the attention of gardeners for 361 days, hothouses are filled and emptied, hundreds of painters and cleaners are kept busy the whole year round, builders and glaziers are kept in constant work—for four days' racing!

And towards the prizes on those four days of racing £40,000 is contributed, so that the best horses in the world shall be attracted to Berkshire; and because the best horses are attracted to Berkshire and all the world and his wife flock to this little Berkshire village, every kind of luxury trade is kept busy for months, and some £2,000,000 worth of dresses, hats and shoes are planned and made for this special occasion.

Even motor-coaches that bring the humbler pleasure-seeker to this venue are designed primarily for the Ascot traffic.

Yankee shiploads

AMERICA will send shiploads of tourists to see Reigh Count make his bold bid for the Gold Cup.

Special trains will be run from France full of sportsmen and sportswomen.

By the way, Reigh Count, the American champion, is a long-distance performer before anything else, and the Yankees' chance of grabbing the Cup has not been so bright since the day four American crooks took it by the simple expedient of opening the glass case that contained it and smuggling it away.

What is the attraction of Ascot? Why is it supreme among the race-meetings of the world?

First and foremost, it owes its popularity to British efficiency. The Mussolini of Ascot is slim, straight-backed lieutenant-colonel of the Household Cavalry, Gordon Carter, whose genius has been rewarded by a knighthood in the King's birthday honours.

Sir Gordon Carter is the genial autocrat who has made Ascot what it is. It has always been something more than a race-meeting—it is a social function.

Here society from all the world gathers, not to see the racing, but to inspect one another's dresses. The Royal Enclosure is the most exclusive enclosure of the season.

One of the stewards of Ascot is the Viscount Churchill. He is, I believe, steward of no other meeting. He is intimately associated with the Court, and every application for a place in this holy of holies must go through his hands.

It is his business to separate the sheep from the goats—and many are the goats!

He lives Ascot and thinks Ascot, and no sooner is one meeting over than his department at St. James's Palace is organising for the next.

He and Sir Gordon Carter are always planning for Ascot, and, strangely enough, it is not the lordly and ladily "privilegees," the holders of Royal Enclosure vouchers, for whom they are planning.

The secret of the Ascot success is that Sir Gordon Carter and his illustrious stewards think democratically. It is for the cheap public they plan, for those in charabancs rather than those who come in Rolls-Royces, and for those who can afford to pay 6s. for a place on the lawn rather than for those who pay £40 for a box over Tattersalls.

This year the 6s. ring is a marvel of comfort and service.

Brand-new buildings have gone up, great lawns have been opened, new stands have been established, tea-room and dining-rooms have been erected.

A band of the Life Guards has a stand in this ring, and hard-working gardeners have been busy since Christmas getting ready to delight the eyes of the charabanc parties.

That is the secret of Ascot, that all the time somebody is planning and thinking for the general public, and it is amazing that Ascot—which is the aristocrat of all race-meetings—should depend, and does depend, for its financial success upon catering to the proletariat.

There is no magic formula here which cannot be applied by other racecourse executives. Some of our racecourses have three times as many days' racing as Ascot, three times as many opportunities to cater for the public. They are content to let Ascot "get away with it."

"How absurd," they tell you when you suggest that they should copy Ascot; "we haven't the revenue. Why, the money that is paid for the Royal Enclosure vouchers is as much as we take on any three days' racing!"

Least important

BUT the money taken at Ascot for the Royal Enclosure is very nearly the least important item.

What keeps Ascot going is the revenue from the public stands, and because the accommodation at Ascot is well-nigh perfect (you can get a shave and a hair-cut if you need either) the meeting attracts its thousands of "paying guests."

And because it attracts its thousands of racegoers the executive is able to offer these enormous prizes, and because these prizes are offered, the best horses in the world are entered and the public comes in increasing numbers to see the racing.

It is a benevolent circle.

Three out of every five racecourses in England possess accommodation which is no less than disgraceful.

The refreshment-rooms are hovels, the stands are so inadequate that on a big-race day only a quarter of the people can see the racing. The number-boards are invisible from a short distance, the sanitary arrangements are so primitive that they would not pass a London County Council inspector.

And yet the public have to pay three times as much as they are called upon to pay for the spacious and efficient services in the 6s. ring at the royal meeting.

Certain racecourses are living from hand to mouth. The prizes are ludicrous. It is humanly impossible for an owner to keep horses in training unless he gambles on them, which means that the only people who can benefit are the bookmakers.

Some of the courses are almost inaccessible. Most of them depend entirely upon local patronage, and yet in most cases their shares stand at a big premium.

And if you suggest that the company should be reconstructed, that new shares should be offered to the public and money brought in for the improvement of the buildings and the enhancement of the prizes you are met either by a stony silence or by a good-humoured contempt.

And yet it has been proved beyond any question that where the public have been considered, where racecourse executives have gone out of their way to do something for the "silver people," success has followed automatically.

We Want more Ascots!

THIS has been discovered at York, at Doncaster, at Ayr, at Hamilton Park, a Scotch meeting, which really deserves the title of the Ascot of the North, and which is one of the most go-ahead racecourses in the United Kingdom.

We want more Ascots.

Racing thrives on efficient and business-like management. Until a few years ago, when the Jockey Club interfered, some of our courses were terrible.

Do you remember Epsom in the old days, with the uneven track littered with papers and broken glass, with stands that were literally death-traps if a fire had occurred?

See what an energetic management has done with that popular course, which is now one of the best in England. The old building was scrapped and a new and imposing stand was constructed, and within a few years Epsom will offer prizes which will rival the mammoth stakes at Ascot.

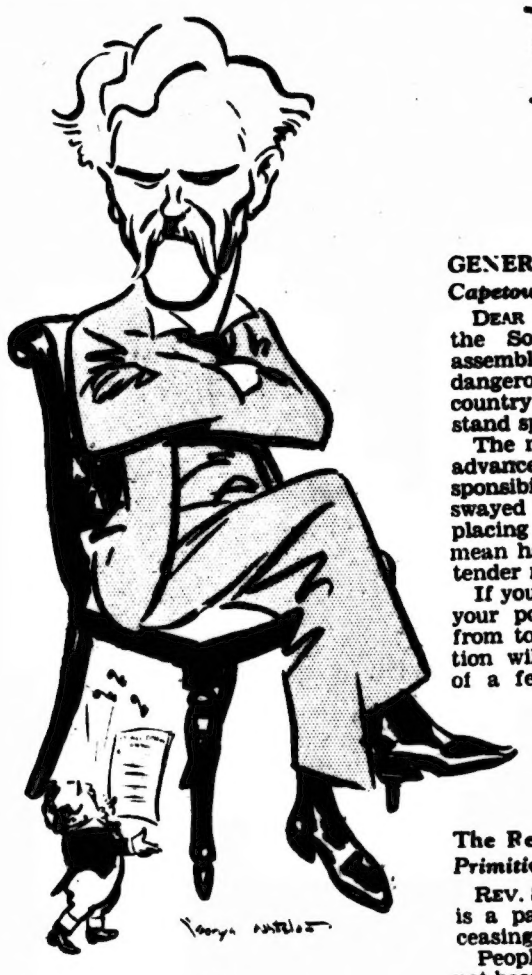
If I had my way, I should create, under the direction of the Jockey Club, a new office—Director of Racing Accommodation—and I would put Sir Gordon Carter in complete control.

If he did not give us more Ascots I should be very much surprised. We need them badly.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

It All Depends on You

Red Hands Off India—This Pagan London Baden-Powell's Peerage



SHALL I be rich?
Shall I be poor?
Shall I be fleeced
By some Socialist "cure"?
It all depends on you!

Shall I be driven into a war?
Will Uncle Sam snub me
Until I feel sore?
It all depends on you!

Will you save money, or spend it?
Keep on Safeguarding, or end it?
You've a chance, Ramsay,
To make dreams come true.

We can go downward;
We can soar up—
Give us the goods—don't sell us a pup!
AND WE WILL STAND BY YOU!

(With apologies to the popular song, "It all depends on you.")

Rt. Hon. WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P.,
Secretary of State for India

DEAR BENN,—There is not the slightest doubt that Communist agitation in India is the cause of grave unrest in that country.

A very great responsibility rests upon your shoulders. An injudicious word or act might set the whole of India ablaze.

It is, I believe, the intention of the Cabinet to resume diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia. I trust you will insist that, as a condition of relations being resumed, the Soviet Government undertakes to cease its propaganda in India.

Moscow must be warned emphatically to keep its greedy hands off our Eastern Empire.

JOHN BULL.

Professor E. S. EDDINGTON, F.R.S.,
The Observatory, Cambridge

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Please forgive me if I refuse to be frightened by your latest prediction that the universe, as we conceive it, will be destroyed and "buried" for billions of years in ice.

The prospect is a little chilly, but as you don't think anything like this will happen for thousands of years, I am still managing to sleep at nights.

After all, it is the business of great astronomers to have their heads in the clouds.

JOHN BULL.

GENERAL HERTZOG,
Capetown, South Africa

DEAR GENERAL,—I hope that when the South African Parliament reassembles, you will not continue your dangerous policy of forcing on the country Native Bills for which you stand sponsor.

The natives are not in a sufficiently advanced stage to assume electoral responsibilities. Since they are easily swayed by unscrupulous agitators, placing the vote in their hands would mean handing over the country to the tender mercies of Moscow.

If you perversely insist on continuing your policy it will split the country from top to bottom and another election will be inevitable in the course of a few months.

Take my advice and keep these contentious measures up your sleeve for another two years.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. BARKSBY,
Primitive Methodist Conference

REV. SIR,—According to you, "London is a pagan city" because people are ceasing to attend church.

People are ceasing to attend church not because they are abandoning Christianity, but because they are tired of listening to wearisome sermons containing stupid generalisations.

If the clergy would preach sense, not drivel, people would flock back to the churches.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MAY CHURCH,
Fawcett Road, Deptford

MY DEAR MAY,—Although you are only sixteen, you have had to bear a crushing burden of adversity, and you have acquitted yourself like a true heroine.

Left, on the death of your parents, with a twin sister and two younger brothers, you bravely assumed position as "head of the family," working hard to maintain your loved ones in four furnished rooms.

Recently the menace of eviction hung over your head when your landlord sought to obtain possession of the rooms you now occupy. The law is on your side, however, and suitable alternative accommodation must first be provided.

Keep a stout heart, "little mother." You have my sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

To Sheriff MALCOLM,
Dundee

DEAR SIR,—When sentencing George Paul to two months' imprisonment for neglecting his wife you said it was with difficulty that you did not make the penalty heavier.

Paul, who was a railwayman, set off in October, 1927, for Torquay, where he joined a young woman with whom he had been friendly in Dundee.

After she had given birth to a child, he deserted her, and took up with a widow.

When he was eventually run to earth he tried to blame his wife, and made statements which, the prosecution said, were quite untrue.

Dundee ratepayers who have paid £70 to support Paul's family will also have "considerable difficulty" in understanding your leniency.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL,
Paxhill, Bentley, Hants

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—More than any other man you have been responsible for the welfare of the youth of our great Empire. The Boy Scouts, thanks to your untiring energy and enthusiasm, have followers in every part of the world.

It would be a grateful act if, on the occasion of the great "Jamboree" of Scouts which is being held in your honour, the State recognised your services with a peerage.

The omission of your name from the Honours List has been long overdue.

JOHN BULL.

The Right Rev. J. H. GREIG, D.D.,
Bishop of Guildford

MY LORD BISHOP,—As a touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so may a touch of imagination save the Church from oblivion and help her to win

This touch you show in refraining from criticism when hard-working folk prefer fresh air to the stale atmosphere of ancient buildings on fine Sundays, and by going out to meet them in the sunshine.

Your sermon on Newlands Corner, delighting in the glories of nature, was a welcome innovation. And your thousands of listeners is sufficient proof that it was appreciated.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES B. COCHRAN,
Old Bond Street, London, W.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Glad to hear that you are not downhearted about the "Talkies." If other theatrical managers followed your lead and put on better shows, we should not hear so many disgruntled whines about "Talkie" competition.

The public knows a good thing when it sees it, whether it is presented on the stage or screen. Here's luck to you.

JOHN BULL.

Sir W. A. JOWITT, K.C.,
Attorney-General

DEAR SIR,—One of your first acts in your new office should be to enquire into the scandalous delay in the payment of the Rye Fund to its beneficiaries.

Months have elapsed since the public heart and purse were touched in aid of the widows and children of the gallant lifeboatmen who died heroically at sea.

Justice must be done to their survivors. Since your home is near Rye, I hope you will make it hot for the super-Bumbles responsible for the muddle.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY: "The Liberal Party is out of the picture."

Don't forget that it represents some six million voters—or you'll lose your job.

• • •

MR. WILSON (House of Commons official): "Women come here as Members, not as women, and they're supposed to share everything with the other Members."

Quite right, too. It's what they asked for.

• • •

DR. C. E. GODDARD, M.O.H., Wembley: "The very existence of the gypsies is a reproach to our civilisation."

Nonsense! Gypsies, like bagpipes, will always be with us. We can think of far greater reproaches to civilisation than either. And so can you—if you know your work.

NOT from 2LO—Our Late Home Secretary, in

"JIX" JUMPS to GLORY

BOW, you flippant middle classes;
Bend the knee, you naughty masses,
Hear an august word.
Though the Tory stronghold crashes,
Like a Phœnix from the ashes.
I emerge a lord!

My fair name, ne'er touched by scandal,
Was presented with a handle
When they made me knight.
But my nature was not altered;
On I went, and never faltered,
To a greater height.

Just as "Sir" succeeded "Mister,"
As a scar succeeds a blister,
"Lord" has followed "Sir."
Now a peer, I walk in splendour,
In a robe of doubtful gender,
Trimmed with costly fur.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to inform you that I am unquestionably It. Even my well-known modesty does not enable me to deny that I am undoubtedly a One.

What I am I have made myself, and if anybody suggests that I have made a Big Mistake I shall treat the remark with lofty contempt.

You will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that I am even more glorious in adversity than I was in prosperity. While the Tory Government flourished, and I was a power in the land and a wet blanket on the clubs and the cabarets, I was merely "Jix."

But now that the Tories have been elbowed from the Treasury Bench and a rival reigns in the Home Sweet Home Office, do I go into sackcloth and ashes?

Not a bit of it. I go into purple and fine linen. Instead of bowing a diminished head, I place a coronet on one that is held erect in what some thought was the hour of my humiliation.

• • •

Already anxious enquiries have reached me regarding the title I propose to adopt, and I have received various frivolous suggestions, such as Viscount Gloom of Glumph and Lord Champagne of Soho.

But so far I have not given this matter consideration, for, even at this moment of justifiable elation, there is a fly in the ointment of my happiness, because a lady who is dearer to me than life itself has been scandalously neglected by those charged with the distribution of post-election consolation prizes.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen—

Although I feel suitably bucked
When I think of my newly-won title,
A feeling of sadness
Is mixed with my gladness
For a grievance I have which is vital.

My merits I do not deny;
But there's one who in worth is not poorer
Than I, and I wonder
How came they to blunder
And not make a Duchess of "Dora"!

A HIVE of Gaming Haunts to Raid

" Their will is law. . . . " The white man is Superintendent Nicholls, in charge of the East End. He and his police should cleanse these dens

SEVENTEEN bookmakers, trading in the East End of London, were heavily fined at Thames Police Court in one week recently for accepting betting commissions through street-runners.

All of them are registered and licensed, but the substantial duty they pay to the Inland Revenue did not prove to be an insurance against prosecution.

This series of energetic raids was so thorough that they effected a clean comb-out of the back streets and lanes in the Poplar-Limehouse area.

But the main thoroughfares of this neighbourhood — Pennyfields, Limehouse Causeway, and West India Dock Road—escaped attention.

While white men were hunted down, scores of Chinese remained undisturbed, conducting evil gaming-houses on a money-making scale which would make an ordinary British bookmaker rave with envy.

These Chinese pay no betting duty. And they suffer even less from official interferences than the large and reputable credit betting offices of London and the chief provincial cities.

Last week it was given out that the puk-a-poo banks had been closed down. Pennyfields has certainly since been wrapt in a strange quiet. But this is a mere pretence to deceive the police.

All that has been done is to transfer the depots for receiving the marked papers and money to shops farther afield.

Twenty per cent. commission is paid to the shopkeepers who act as agents, and from them the slips and cash are carried by an organisation of "Jookies"—young Jew runners—to the Chinese principals.

A representative of JOHN BULL contrived to gain admission to some of the largest puk-a-poo shops the other night. He secured a Chinese guide in Pennyfields, and watched banks in operation at four adjoining houses.

He also visited a dice-house, entrance being gained through a small sweet-shop in Limehouse Causeway.

Twelve men were playing there, all for 5s. or 10s. stakes, except for two youths, who were rapidly thinning a wad of £5 banknotes on the orange-coloured squares of the dice-board.

Almost all the gambling-houses are behind or above tiny fruit and confectionery shops. Large numbers of clients leave their motor-cars in the main street of Poplar, and turn into these premises ostensibly to purchase cigarettes or mark a puk-a-poo paper at the counter.

Is this gambling organisation really the mainspring of the machine which still so efficiently and silently distributes opium and cocaine throughout the West End of London?

Profits in thousands

There are at least twenty-four puk-a-poo and dice houses in one small section of Chinatown, and their weekly profits must amount to thousands of pounds.

All of them are branches of a great central gambling organisation directed by Fee Jay, reputed to be the son of a wealthy Canton merchant, educated at Cambridge, and another, a man who owns large properties in Marseilles.

Chinatown and the men and women who flock to its gaming-houses never see these men, but their will is law in the district.

The tragedy of these places is that the Orientals themselves do not contribute a halfpenny to the immense betting-pools which are formed every hour from midday until 10 p.m., or to the dice-tables where play goes on all through the night.

Every seamen's organisation knows the toll the Chinese gamesters demand. Men just returned from a long voyage are frequently robbed.

Bands of white women, who are both the mistresses and slaves of the Chinese managers of the establishments, prowl through Dockland from morning until night on the lookout for victims for their yellow masters.

Remote success

So great are the hazards that the chance of success is remote; but when the long odds offered are occasionally won, the Chinese croupier pays out promptly and fully.

All the results are determined in secret by a native committee after a form of religious incantation has been recited.

Women are the mainstay of the hourly puk-a-boo banks. In the course of a day they make thousands of bets on a game which they cannot possibly understand, and the result of which they must blindly accept.

Hour after hour they return to the shops, only to learn that no one has won anything, but eager to invest again in the forlorn hope of gaining £400 for half a crown.

The books of the East End moneylenders are loaded with the names of women clients who have squandered the price of their homes in these hopeless public gambles.

We suggest to the police that they leave British bookmakers alone until they have cleansed Chinatown by closing the rows of houses and shops which are maintained solely to cater for vice.

Weekly Informations— *—from Sir Wyndham Childs*

BEATING *the* BANDSMEN

THE response to my appeal for information from readers has exceeded my expectations, and I sincerely trust that the flow of correspondence which I receive may continue.

It is particularly encouraging to get a letter this week which reads as follows: "I enclose what I've no doubt is another catch. Please pass warning on to other readers." I do so with pleasure.

My correspondent is quite right; it is *another catch*, and if readers are deterred from being "caught" by perusing these columns, my purpose will have been served.

I hope that in a few months' time, with the assistance of our readers, we shall have killed "the spurious home employment business" outright.

* * *

The document that my correspondent has sent me is marked "Private and confidential," and starts as follows:

"You have been mentioned to us by a firm to whom you applied for work at home." In other words, the gentle art of "passing on the mutt" has been practised.

The circular continues: "We naturally wish to be assured of your interest and sincerity, and are therefore compelled to ask for a deposit of 2s. 6d. as a guarantee of good faith."

It seems to me that the firm desires to be assured of capital rather than interest.

I am making investigations into the methods of this firm, which is a new one to us, and shall take the greatest pleasure in fully exposing it in the course of the next few weeks.

This is an admirable instance of what co-operation will do, as I have been put on to this obviously bogus firm through the report of a reader.

* * *

Another reader who has suffered has asked me to expose the latest fee-snatching device to entrap musicians.

In some cases five shillings is charged as a registration fee. And once this fee is paid, the work-seeker hears not another word from the "agency."

To attract more victims, the bogus agent inserts weekly advertisements in those theatrical journals—unfortunately all too many—which will accept them.

One agency, for instance, will advertise for a pianist when it has already hundreds on its books.

But the bait attracts new victims who, though they are "too late" for the advertised post, readily part with registration fees on the promise of plenty of future opportunities.

In almost every case a week's salary, or 10 per cent. on the first ten weeks, is charged by the agency on the few posts it finds, and a steady flow of commission is arranged in various ingenious ways.

* * *

A trick constantly worked by a certain firm is to approach a cinema manager and offer to supply an orchestra at a tempting reduction on the cost of his present band.

If the manager is not too scrupulous, it also offers to split its 10 per cent. commission with him. The band is engaged, but after its members have enjoyed employment for about ten weeks, they are gradually dismissed to make room for new players on whom a further 10 per cent. can be earned.

* * *

Look out for firms who advertise their ability to secure for you lucrative appointments abroad.

Their methods are as follows: They take fees for merely supplying lists of names of foreign companies which anyone can obtain for himself from standard books of reference and public libraries.

Two firms practising this method are

Percy Coutts and Co., High Holborn, W.C., and *The Overseas Gazette*, Rosebury Street, Hull.

* * *

The business of advertising flats and houses as "to be let" is increasing by leaps and bounds. It is time it was stopped, and I shall devote some considerable space in a later issue to exposing this method of "fee-snatching."

There is a firm practising at the moment which should be strenuously avoided. Its name is Alexandra and Co., 32, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

I receive continuous complaints about their activities, but more about them anon.

THE BRIDES IN THE BATH

The Jekyll and Hyde Murderer with the Hypnotic Eye

SMITH, THE MURDERER OF THE BRIDES IN THE BATH.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall was of the opinion that Smith possessed "the hypnotic eye." Look into his eyes and you will realise how they were instrumental in luring the brides in the bath to their doom.

Exclusive to 'THE PEOPLE' next Sunday

Above—Photographs of two of the murdered brides.

SECRETS OF MARSHALL HALL'S GREAT TRIALS

AMONGST the famous cases defended by Sir Edward Marshall Hall—the most brilliant advocate of all time—secrets of which are now being revealed for the first time in *The People*—none created more sensation and horror throughout the world than "The Brides in The Bath."

The inner history of this extraordinary case appears on Sunday next exclusively in *The People*. From the very first line the reader is plunged into an atmosphere of nightmare, unreality and madness.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall said of Smith: "The man who could read Shakespeare in a quiet garden to a woman whom he genuinely loved, soon after he had brutally murdered another; who could play his bride's dirge, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' after he had murdered her, is a person outside ordinary humanity."

Another instance of Smith's callous nature is revealed when he wanted to sleep in the same room where one of his victims lay. He ordered her a deal coffin and a pauper's funeral. On the other hand, he wrote stating that: 'he had suffered the greatest and most cruel shock that ever a man could have suffered.' Such was his Jekyll and Hyde nature.

The riddle of Smith's personality has never been solved. Sir Edward believed him to possess "the hypnotic eye." "He had a horrible way of looking at one," he said.

As the tense drama of the trial is unfolded next Sunday, sensation follows sensation. Behind it all Sir Edward's scintillating wit and brilliance plays like a rapier point on his opponents, ever ready to find a way out to save the murderer from the gallows.

"The Brides in The Bath" is the most gripping and enthralling case in the whole history of the courts—you *must* read it next Sunday, but—in order to avoid disappointment order your copy of *The People* now. Don't risk the reply, "Sold Out."

Read in *The People* next Sunday the Secrets of Marshall Hall's Great Trials—the only official Life Story authorised by the trustees, including Lady Marshall Hall—compiled from the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall's private papers and diaries and written by his personal friend, Edward Marjoribanks, M.P., Barrister-at-law.

The late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C.

The People

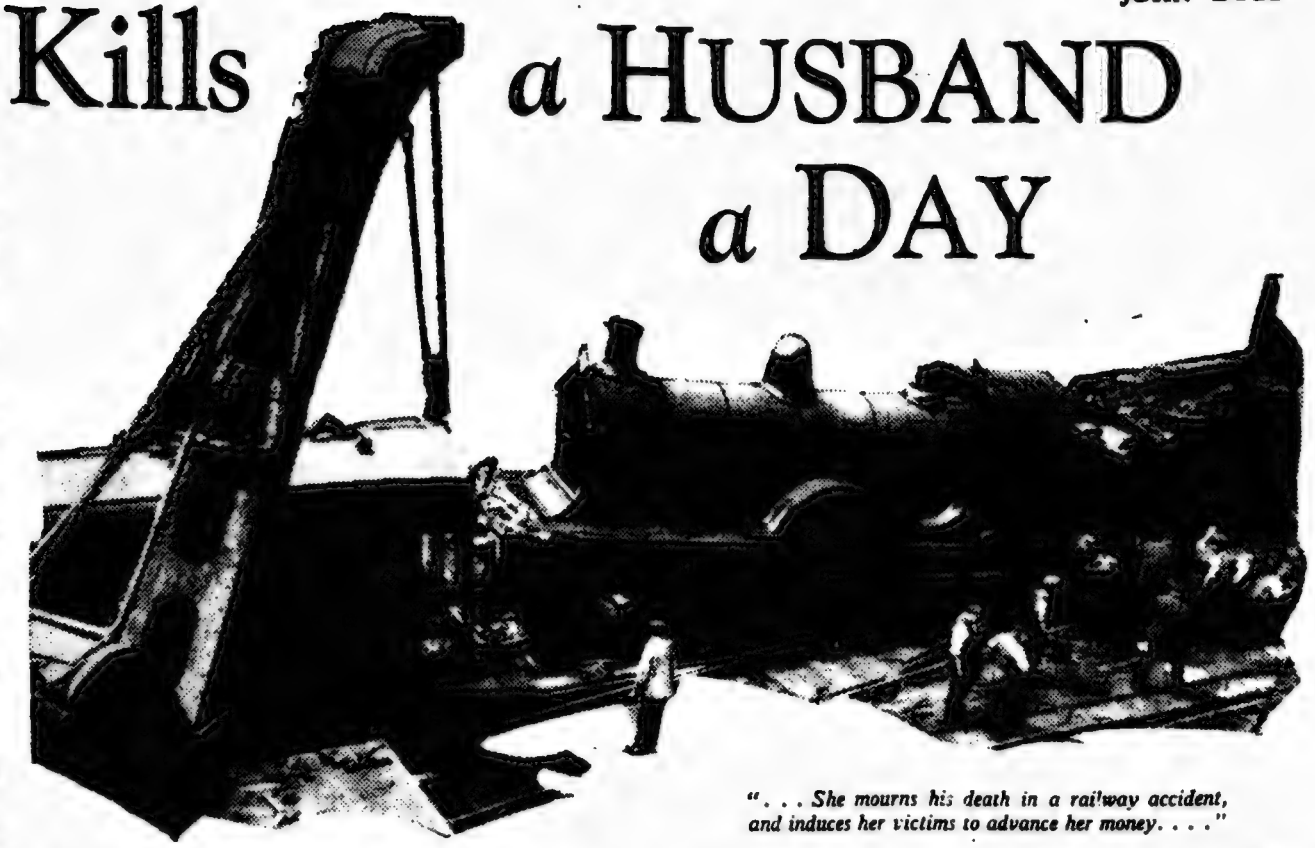
FREE ALL-THE-WEEK FAMILY INSURANCE

Be sure to register on the forms which you will find in *The People* next Sunday. Over 15,000 Free Insurance Benefits have already been paid.

£1000 FAIR-FOR-ALL X-WORD MUST-BE-WON NEXT SUNDAY.

Enter for this the fairest of all Crossword Competitions—only two entries allowed from each reader. Every competitor has an equal opportunity of winning this Mammoth prize

Widow Kills a HUSBAND a DAY



". . . She mourns his death in a railway accident, and induces her victims to advance her money. . . ."

A PROFITABLE tour is at present being made by a versatile adventuress who, with engaging manners and a style that is all her own, has duped so many people that her operations clamour for the personal attention of some of Scotland Yard's experts.

Her real name is Hannah Entwistle. She is forty years of age and has used as many aliases as her years. Slightly built, though with a suggestion of plumpness, she possesses attractive features, which can assume at her discretion a look of sadness so intense that it will melt the hardest heart.

The other day she called at a boarding-house in Stoke-on-Trent in search of temporary accommodation.

She was dressed in deep mourning, and as the landlady showed her round her personality created a most favourable impression.

She told the landlady that the apartments were quite satisfactory, and then, as if unable to contain herself longer, she suddenly burst into tears.

Alarmed at the woman's distress, the kindly landlady fetched some brandy, and when the tragic visitor had been prevailed upon to sip this stimulant, she recovered her composure sufficiently to unfold her story.

She was, she explained, Mrs. Haslam, the widow of a London clerk who had recently been killed in an accident.

One tragic blow

He had been visiting the Potteries with his daughter on a little business excursion. Both had been driven down by a motor-car which suddenly came upon them as they crossed a road.

Thus, at one tragic blow, she had been left alone in the world. Grief-stricken and penniless, she hardly knew how to face life any longer.

Naturally the landlady listened to this tale with sympathy, and enquired about compensation. Surely the reckless driver responsible for the accident would make some payment to the widow of the man he killed?

Mrs. Haslam explained that the case was in the hands of her solicitors, and produced a letter which appeared to confirm this.

It was because the accident had occurred in the Potteries that the widow was now paying a visit to Stoke-on-Trent, where she expected to be called upon any day as a witness in the Hanley County Court.

Mrs. Haslam added that she had been offered £665 to settle out of court, but, acting on her solicitor's advice, she was taking an action which, it was anticipated, would result in a far more substantial award.

For days Mrs. Haslam stayed with the sympathetic landlady, who was also induced to advance several sums of money until the claim was settled.

Pure fiction

Then, on the day she declared her case was to be tried, Mrs. Haslam disappeared—and took with her everything valuable on which she could lay her hands.

The story of her bereavement was pure fiction, cleverly presented by a resourceful actress. She has repeated this coup again and again.

In the name of "Mrs. Jackson," she recently visited Derby and lived rent-free at the expense of a landlady, whose sympathy she engaged by posing as a widow who had just disposed of her late husband's business in London for £820, following his tragic death in an accident involving her daughter's death as well.

In this case she embellished her tale by declaring that a cheque for £1,600 compensation was due to her any day from a local solicitor.

"Mrs. Jackson" borrowed substantial sums of money and finally absconded with her victim's jewellery.

Latterly this winsome "widow" has brought off such frauds almost daily. Liverpool, Fleetwood, Altrincham, Ilkeston, Preston and Chatham have all seen her come—and go richer than when she arrived.

She is known to the police as one of the cleverest and most persistent female crooks. Among the names she uses are Brown, Ellison, Cox, Jackson, Osborne and Mason.

On occasion she varies her tactics by telling how her father has died, leaving her a fortune, and then proceeds to rob her victims in every way that ingenuity can suggest.

Sometimes, too, it is only her husband who has died.

She mourns his death in a railway accident, talks lovingly of the young daughter now dependent upon her, and speaking of delays in obtaining the compensation due to her, induces victims to advance her money.

A further variety act is to visit hotels and claim relationship to some well-known local resident.

Bigamy too!

She will then book rooms for a short stay, live in the best style, incur debts all round, pass worthless cheques and depart when prudence dictates.

Perhaps Mrs. Entwistle's passion for slaughtering imaginary husbands by battalions has some connection with her actual matrimonial experience. In fact, she has twice been sent to jail for bigamy.

Other terms of imprisonment have been awarded her for a variety of ingeniously mean frauds.

CRUSHED *by the* LAW

Never a sporting chance

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, a young man of thirty-two, lies in a fourth-floor room in Bloomsbury, a victim of cancer and a living testimony to the shortcomings of our present penal system.

As a boy of fifteen, he was arrested as a suspected person and sentenced to two months' hard labour.

Apparently, it did not occur to the authorities that a young lad like that should have been given a second chance, and that in branding him with the prison stigma so early in life they were damning his chances for ever.

Williams' record since that day has not been a good one. He has been to prison eight times, the last occasion being only a month or two ago, when he was again arrested on suspicion.

• • •

He told Mr. Dummett, the Old Street magistrate, that he was suffering from cancer, and was to have been admitted to the Hampstead General Hospital for treatment on the very day on which he appeared in court.

The magistrate remarked that Williams could receive treatment for his disease in jail and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment.

So Williams lost his chance for hospital treatment. Moreover, the magistrate was misinformed—Williams could not obtain the necessary treatment from the prison doctor.

He is loud in his praise for the sympathy shown him by the senior medical officer at Pentonville, Dr. Sass, who, though he could do nothing for cancer, saw that Williams was well cared for and personally supported his petition for release.

And though Williams is now free, his future outlook is dark.

He is on the waiting-lists of two large London hospitals, but meanwhile he is penniless; his wife is delicate; he is in arrears with his rent.

Since the first harsh sentence in his boyhood the law has spent a lot of money making and keeping him a criminal.

And whatever his record, this last sentence, which lost him admission to hospital, is the cruellest blow that could have been dealt him.

The State seems determined that Williams should never be given a sporting chance.

BLACK MENACE *to little girls*

A FEW days ago a negro named Joseph Neelse stood in the dock at Spalding Police Court, in Lincolnshire. The charge against him was read over. Then dispassionately and coldly the evidence for the prosecution unfolded its story.

It was the story of a little girl—only nine years old—who went to play in the fields with her sister and another child companion.

To them came a stranger, a man with a black face, a smile which showed gleaming white teeth, and the drollest voice in the world. It was Neelse.

He had originally drifted into the district attached to a touring circus. And now, by his circus-taught manner of laughing good nature, he soon enticed the little girl away from her companions into the next field.

• • •

Her sister, however, was frightened, and ran home to tell her mother.

Instantly alarmed, the father rushed to the fields. Neelse was gone. But he found his daughter, terrified, weeping and outraged.

So he took her home to her mother, and himself went on to the police-station, where he left the whole unsavoury matter in official hands.

Neelse, at the police court, pleaded guilty to a charge of indecent assault; but pleaded in extenuation of his sin that he attacked the girl when drunk.

Two magistrates heard the evidence—Mr. W. F. Howard and Mr. C. A. Banks. Then they retired. On returning, Mr. Howard, as chairman, sternly told Neelse that he was guilty of a terrible offence.

• • •

But he went on gravely to sentence this negro to pay a fine of £10, and allowed him two months in which to find the money!

Are you astounded to read of the sentence? We were.

It is utterly inadequate punishment for a negro drunkard who, in his cups, chooses to defile little white girls for sport. It is utterly inadequate as a deterrent example to other such perverts who may find their pleasure in similar outrages.

We cannot congratulate either Mr. Howard or Mr. Banks on the way they handled the case.

Neelse could have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and certainly would have been if he had come before a stipendiary.

If the people of Spalding are not all afraid of him, he will have left their town for safer surroundings before these words are in print.

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7. It is recommended as especially suitable for Children;

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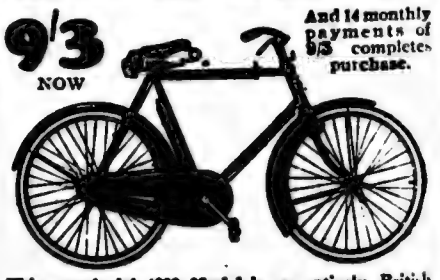

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WHO'LL HAVE A BLOOD ORANGE?

Mr. Hertzog, more than once African Premier, is jealous of the Union's welfare. Let him enquire

Gathering oranges on a really prosperous fruit farm in South Africa—not owned by the Union Fruit Company

MANY people in this country are in a dilemma to-day concerning a South African company, registered in the Transvaal, and known as the Union Fruit and Citrus Farms, Ltd.

This undertaking, which in the last ten years has obtained something like £700,000 from investors—nearly all of them British—has enjoyed a most disquieting career.

In view of its present financial position, it will repay us to study some of the extravagant promises originally used by its directors, to induce people to sink their savings in its attractively advertised shares.

The illustrated literature issued by the company was notable for two things.

It promised large profits for people willing to become shareholders in orange farms in the Letaba district of the Transvaal, and suggested that there were ideal plots for those who wished to settle out there as orange growers.

In the latter connection, plots could be bought outright.

The inducements in the prospectus were supremely promising. Plotholders, it was estimated, would receive on a plot costing £620 a return of £250 after the fourth year of working, £500 in the fifth year; £750 in the seventh, and a crowning £1,000 during the tenth.

The illusionists

But such inviting pictures were painted only in the minds of the optimistic directors, as the plotholders have realised during the years that have followed.

Some who gave up life in England and journeyed to Letaba, found disturbing conditions awaiting them, the worst feature being that the area in the summer months was subject to visitations of malarial fever.

The experience of one of our readers will give graphic details of what really happened in Letaba.

Giving up a £1,000-a-year job in London, this man purchased a plot from the Union Fruit and Citrus Farms, Ltd., a year or so ago. He went out there with his wife, being told the usual story about the ideal climate.

Within a few months his wife, compelled to reside in a notoriously bad fever district, was prostrated by recurrent attacks of virulent malaria, and on two occasions the doctor gave up all hope of saving her life.

Moreover, the only doctor in which this settler could place any confidence lived eighty-four miles away—a day's journey on the roads there—and each of his visits cost £20.

Nor have the magnificent profits so confidently anticipated by the plotholders ever materialised.

Another man, who was led to believe this orange-growing scheme would make him rich quickly, has owned a plot for years which cost him over £600.

So far he has not seen a penny return. He belongs to a separate band of investors who agreed to let the company work the plots on their behalf, and distribute the profits annually.

To-day he is actually being pressed for the immediate payment of nearly £20—the debit balance due to the company respecting last year's loss on working his plot.

A strange document has lately been sent to all investors in this country.

It talks of an impending "reconstruction" scheme, and blandly asserts that the directors will try to find further capital in order to "meet the costs of financing the seasonal expenditure in connection with raising and marketing the crops."

Under this newest scheme plotholders are urged to hand over the title of their land to the company in return for shares.

Original preference-share holders are also asked to convert their stock into ordinary shares.

What can the wretched stockholders do in these tangled circumstances?

The company's headquarters are in the Transvaal. All the directors are there, and so, indeed, are all the assets.

Their word for it!

Investors in this country therefore can only accept whatever the directors choose to tell them—unless they are prepared to obtain first-hand information by making a costly journey to the Transvaal.

We think a statement by the South African authorities should be made without any delay.

Cheating and Cheetahs

A very furry game exposed

Herr Georg Franckenstein, Austrian Minister in London, should send Sarandi home, for when he sees furs like these outside a reputable shop it makes his mouth water

MOST of those who have had dealings with R. Watson and Co., of 3, Middle Street, Smithfield Market, London, to-day complain that its methods of business are disquietingly erratic.

Yet nothing about the company's printed matter or business notepaper suggests instability. R. Watson and Co describe themselves as "British and Colonial skin, hide, leather and horsehair merchants," and claim to be the "pioneers of the moleskin industry."

* * *

The experience of a Tralee, Co. Kerry, reader may be accepted as typical. Attracted in the first place by an advertisement in a local paper, he forwarded two skins—those of a leopard and a cheetah—which he valued at £5.

For a time he heard nothing; then came a letter explaining that the prolonged illness of the company's principal had occasioned some delay in coping with correspondence and remittances.

Now, two months later, he is still without satisfaction.

Numerous people who have similarly sent goods without being able to secure payment have obtained judgments against R. Watson and Co.

There are two people associated with the venture—Jack Bird and Louis de Sarandi.

Bird has been in the skin business for many years, and has constantly ignored the claims of his creditors. He has cloaked his identity behind various false names; he has been made bankrupt for a large sum, and has been blacklisted for some long time by all reputable furriers.

His colleague, Sarandi, is even more interesting. An Austrian by birth, he was interned in England during the war, and has since been under the notice of the police for years as a suspicious character and as an associate of long-firm swindlers.

Once he ran a business in Blackfriars Road, London, in the name of W. R. Frampton. Posing as a produce merchant, he obtained goods on credit and then disappeared.

* * *

Complaints lodged with the Southwark police for this adventure alone involved more than £300. This coup was brought off immediately after he had been warned by the police regarding his conduct in obtaining goods at another address.

His first taste of jail came when his wife, a Frenchwoman, and the mother of his three children, summoned him for maintenance. Sarandi ignored the order of the court, and was finally sent to prison for leaving his family chargeable to the guardians.

More recently, in company with another, Sarandi opened a produce business in the Borough Market, London, following his usual practice of obtaining poultry, eggs and general produce on credit terms.

He left scores of clients unpaid. Complaints reached the police, and when the latter called for an explanation, Sarandi calmly declared that his premises were overrun with rats and that in one night only they had damaged fifty rabbits and something like a hundredweight of potatoes!

In connection with this venture and also on a charge of obtaining timber by false pretences, Sarandi was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

Why he was not deported is a mystery. But there is no mystery about the fact that, free once more, he is now up to all his old dodges as a partner in R. Watson and Co.

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MY S.O.S. to RAMSAY

by A. G. GARDINER

THE new Parliament assembles next Tuesday, and for the second time in his romantic career Mr. Ramsay MacDonald takes his place as the First Minister of the Crown.

He has no reason to complain of the reception that has been given to him by his opponents as well as by his friends, and if he uses his opportunity with wisdom there is no reason why he should not make his second Premiership a memorable chapter in history.

He has certainly begun well, for his choice of colleagues shows a sense of responsibility that has given general satisfaction

It is true that he takes office as a minority Minister. His Government represents not much more than one-third of the electors who polled, and in the House his following is in a permanent minority.

Cold storage

But this fact, so far from being wholly a disadvantage, may be an important gain. It has given him the opportunity, which he probably welcomed, of leaving his wild men severely in cold storage, and it limits his possibilities to strictly practical ends which should commend themselves to the general sentiment of the country.

There are two broad categories of activity open to him. He has declared that he is concerned for the peaceful development of industry at home and for the establishment of more pacific conditions in the world.

His good intentions in the first category—that of peace in industry—are evidenced by his appointment of Mr. Thomas to deal with the crucial problem of unemployment, which, in its broad aspects, involves the whole question of industrial relationships.

Skilful wisdom

Mr. Thomas has been, by common consent, the most successful trade union leader of this generation. His success has not been achieved by violence, but by wise and skilful diplomacy and by a determination never to lose by a strike what he could win by reason and argument.

The country looks to him confidently to apply the same statesmanship and good temper to the much larger issues that face him.

British industry is slowly, but quite definitely, recovering from the shattering consequences of the war.

It needs for that recovery not a surgeon with a knife intent on performing some spectacular operation, but a physician with a cool head and a wise course of treatment.

No nationalisation

Nationalisation is, of course, ruled out by the result of the Election and the constitution of the House, and no one will be more grateful for that than Mr. Thomas himself, who has as little passion for dogmatic Socialism as Mr. MacDonald, or, indeed, most of the members of the Government.

This will leave him free for activities for which he has more taste, and which will produce results.

Those activities should attack the problem of unemployment from two directions—the one material; the other, if I may say so, spiritual.

There is the task of stimulating internal trade by the provision of what I may call public utilities—works essentially reproductive in their consequences, roads, docks and harbours, the reconditioning of railways, and so on.

With regard to the problem of the railways Mr. Thomas' experience should be especially valuable.

In this direct attack upon unemployment there are two other weapons.

One of the chief causes of unemployment is that labour is subject to excessive competition at both ends. Children go to work too soon and the aged continue to work too long.

We look confidently to Sir Charles Trevelyan at the Education Department to remedy the one evil and Mr. Snowden at the Treasury to do something to remedy the other.

If this is done, I anticipate that in two years' time there will be, not a surplus, but a shortage of labour in this country.

But more important even than these remedies for the present ills of industry is the cultivation of that new spirit which was inaugurated by the Melchett-Turner conference.

No one is better fitted by temper and experience to put momentum into this movement than Mr. Thomas, and with the authority of the Government behind him he should go far to make the state of civil war which has been the curse of industry for generations a thing of the past.

But it is in foreign affairs that we are entitled to expect most unequivocal gains from the new Government. Here, as in the case of the domestic policy I have indicated, Mr. MacDonald will be assured of Liberal and even of much Conservative support.

We may take it for granted that the new Government will be prepared to resume civilities and commercial relations with Russia.

None of us likes the Russian Government, and Mr. MacDonald has as little reason to like it as anybody; but we all realise that the "Jix" escapade was a disastrous folly, which has in four years cost us tens of millions in the loss of trade that has been diverted to Germany and the United States.

This policy of hari-kari must cease. We must restore the courtesy of trade and resume the bare civilities of international life, without, be it said, any revival of questions of public loans.

There remains all that large body of issues centring in the League of Nations, disarmament and our attitude to world peace. Nothing contributed more to the downfall of the Baldwin Government than the public dissatisfaction on this score.

We have failed to give Europe the lead out of the post-war morass that we alone were able to give, and under Sir Austen Chamberlain the League of Nations has stagnated, our relations with America have become cold and inimical, and the hopes of disarmament have well-nigh vanished.

French echo

Europe is as much an armed camp as it ever was, and though Sir Austen Chamberlain denied that he was "in Briand's pocket," it is lamentably true that for five years we have been the humble echo of French policy.

This is bad for Europe, bad for our prestige, and worst of all in the long run for France herself.

We look to Mr. MacDonald and his very sensible, if not very experienced, Foreign Minister, Mr. Arthur Henderson, to give British policy a new orientation. Its hub must be Geneva, not Paris.

It is good news that Mr. MacDonald will himself go to the League Assembly; still better news, that he contemplates a meeting with President Hoover in order to disentangle once and for all the wretched knot of misunderstanding into which Anglo-American negotiations over naval disarmament have been allowed to get.

Avoid the husks

Get that knot untied and Anglo-American questions will be settled. And much more will be settled as the result.

If the two great English-speaking communities march in step they can enforce disarmament by their overwhelming moral and material strength, and in doing so give the world disarmament and lift the shadow of war from the earth.

I have no space to deal with finance and other problems in detail. I have preferred to touch only on those large items that are most urgent, and in regard to which the Government can get the best results with the minimum of opposition.

If Mr. MacDonald will avoid the petty Party husks, he can make his tenure of office one of the most beneficent in history. But he must keep his head and not lose either his patience or his temper.

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• • •

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What will the Prince do?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

ON Sunday a young Englishman will celebrate his thirty-fifth birthday. That in itself is not, perhaps, a fact of much importance. The young Englishman is, however, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—and that makes a difference.

The place the Prince of Wales occupies in the affections of the British people, both here and throughout the Empire, is something that has no parallel in history.

He is a legend.

There has been nothing quite like it since the Black Prince won his spurs at Crecy.

Historians of the future will find ample material for their learned essays when they come to speculate upon the amazing stability and genuine popularity of the British Throne in days when revolutions and dictatorships were throwing Europe into confusion.

They will, I think, give the Prince of Wales a very big part in the story of the last fifteen years.

Our contrariness

I am not surprised that other nations find us difficult to understand. Where else could you find a people to whom tradition is sacred and who will yet cheerfully elect a Socialist Government pledged to overthrow that tradition—and who know quite well that the Government will do nothing of the kind?

Where else would you find genuine friendship between the King and a prominent Labour leader existing side by side with a Court etiquette as rigid and glittering as in the days when the Monarchy was an absolute tyranny?

It is surely only in England that you could find a Prince who, one day holding a Levée, is to be found the next striving with might and main to beat a postman at golf.

The popularity of the British Royal Family is not based on any exaggerated hero-worship. It is founded on the very apparent fact that character, human understanding and a very serious sense of duty are the hallmarks that leave no British citizen unmoved.

"Woodbine Willie" speaks

One of the last conversations I ever had with "Woodbine Willie," a few days before his death, turned largely on the Prince of Wales.

"When that young man comes to the throne," he said, "there will be an uncomfortable time in store for those who can only think of the duties of Royalty in terms of Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales is one of the people in every thought. He wants to know, and he insists on finding out for himself.

"Those who are fond of representing him as a careless, sport-loving nonentity are making the mistake of their lives. He is as hard as nails and as serious as anyone in the Cabinet."

That he will go his own way, if he feels that way is right, was shown during the coal stoppage, when he sent his personal cheque to the Cornish miners and hoped they would not be beaten.

It will be shown again when the report on the distressed areas he submitted to the late Government is published. Injustice and human suffering made him "see red."

There is a notion abroad that the popularity of the Prince of Wales is due to steady and clever "exploitation." Some foreign papers say it outright; some only hint at it. All of them are profoundly mistaken.

The facts are just the other way. The photographs and the stories that appear are published because he is popular already. They are good "copy." The Prince of Wales is always news.

We like our Royal Family more—not less—because they behave as we do and love to escape for a while from the weight of civic functions and the burden of State affairs.

In fact, I often wonder if it is not we ourselves, the ordinary people of the country, who are guilty of any "exploitation" there may be. We expect the Prince of Wales to do so much and to be so many things. And the marvel is that he succeeds in satisfying us.

I have heard, even in this country, talk of the Prince being sent here and sent there to create certain effects. I think the whisperers are wrong.

If he has become known as the "Ambassador of Empire," it is a title he has won for himself through his insatiable desire to know and his determination to find out. He has travelled the world to perfect himself for the responsibilities that he will have to shoulder.

"Injustice and human suffering made him 'see red.'" *The Prince at a miner's home up North*

Nothing more clearly reveals a man than the care he takes over the details of a job. Nothing has more clearly demonstrated the earnestness of the Prince of Wales than the way in which he has transformed himself in a few years from a mediocre speech-maker into an orator.

Armistice night

His speech at the Albert Hall on Armistice night two years ago was a gem of forceful simplicity that few could have equalled and none could have surpassed.

Looking back now to 1924 seems like looking back over centuries. Mr. Zinoviev and his famous letter seem more like the creations of a cartoonist than the levers that upset a Government and swept a panic-stricken nation to the poll.

Quite apart from the fact that the Englishman is not a revolutionary animal, I could never understand how anyone could take the tomfoolery of our home-made Communists seriously in face of the fact that the Prince of Wales was even then regarded by every British citizen as an integral part of his household.

But if the Prince of Wales is a symbol, he is also very much a man. He has his faults like the rest of us.

The determination that lets him carve out his own career has its counterpart in a strong streak of contrariness on occasion. He can be mightily provoking when he likes—and he quite often does like.

It is a side of his character that he will need to watch in the difficult times that lie ahead of him.

And I call them difficult times advisedly. Even when His Majesty the King is fully recovered it is clear that he can never again be fully subjected to the cares and strain of duty as he has been in the past. More and more the Prince of Wales will have to shoulder the responsibility.

He will do it, of course. He can do it—but he has still to realise that provocativeness is no part of the job.

If there is one thing needed to set the seal on the nation's regard for him it is the news that he has decided to marry. On Sunday he is thirty-five; he has been known to say that when he was thirty-five he would marry. We shall see.

Will he marry?

We can be sure of one thing. If and when he does, it will be no *mariage de convenance*. His hand will go with his heart—and convention will not be allowed to bar the way.

It is the tragedy of the great that even their private lives belong to the public. That is why I am bold enough to say that marriage is not only a pleasure the Prince owes his people, but a duty.

It is news for which we are all waiting, and which we hope will not be long delayed.

There was a little incident not long ago that is still remembered, and which ought never to be forgotten.

The Prince of Wales and Mr. A. J. Cook found themselves together at a meeting to discuss the miners' relief fund.

Mr. Cook made a speech. "The Prince of Wales," he said, "is a good fellow."

It is only an Englishman who could ever appreciate how fully, in that one sentence, Mr. Cook explained the unshakable hold the Prince has on his people.

The Human Machine

It's *All* Yours!

THE man who finds life a dull affair is a queer fellow. There is something sadly wrong with him—though he, of course, thinks it is life that is wrong.

Life, after all, is "so full of a number of things" that it does not seem possible for anyone to get bored.

For not only is there all the excitement of the present and all the intriguing mystery of the future; there is all the rich and almost inexhaustible resource of the past.

It is all at our disposal if we will only stretch out a hand and take it. How can we be bored?

If we really are bored, if we genuinely think life a humdrum affair, then we are forgetting the fact that we live in a world that contains not only things, but people.

Brains cannot be sharpened in solitude or interest created by idleness any more than steel can be sharpened without a grindstone.

If you want to strike sparks you must turn the handle briskly.

Not even Napoleon could have done anything if he had spent his whole life in solitude on St. Helena. Even he needed the stimulus of other people, the clash of brain on brain, the interplay of thoughts and ideas.

Don't you think, if you are bored with life, that it is really because you have shut yourself up on a mental St. Helena? Aren't you forgetting that men were never meant to be hermits?

Nature never did like a vacuum, and if you don't put something into your life yourself, she will do it for you—and she will mostly fill it with worry and anxiety and unrest.

It is better to get there first, to get busy and to keep on being busy. If all else fails, there is always the sun, the birds and the trees.

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A Midsummer Night's Dream

Where the MONEY is coming from!

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

ON another page Mr. A. G. Gardiner deals with a number of urgent problems which he, in common with the vast majority of us, expects the Government to tackle speedily and effectively.

He has omitted one thing which he might well have stressed, the necessity for a thoroughgoing system of taxation of land values.

There is an increasing number of people who are realising that the whole system of land tenure in this country is in need of drastic revision.

The absurdity and injustice of a system that permits public labour to put huge profits into private pockets is daily apparent.

The latest instance is near London. Here, a firm of market-gardeners asked £43,000 from the urban district council as compensation for a few acres of land required for houses.

The council offered £18,000. The owners of the land declined the offer.

A two-day public enquiry was held, and the award of the arbitrator was £17,280.

The landowners, that is, were publicly found by an impartial judge to have overestimated the value of their property by no less than £25,720.

Take, too, the case of the new Kingston by-pass road. Land, which before the road was projected would not have sold for £60 an acre, is now worth £1,800 an acre—and the increased value is simply due to the enterprise and effort of the community.

But it goes into the private pocket of the landowner. The community gets none of the value its labour has created.

RECENT years have provided many equally scandalous instances. There was a case in Glasgow where the landowner claimed £6,1d2 compensation and was awarded £1,862 by the official arbitrator.

There was another in Port Glasgow where the owner wanted £400—and was awarded £90.

It is going on all the time. The community creates the value and the landowner takes it.

He has got to be stopped. The value created by the labour of the community must go back to the community.

It is a matter that is going to assume serious proportions in the near future if Mr. Thomas puts in hand the work for the unemployed he is contemplating; for the first result of such work will be to send land values soaring.

Unless Mr. Snowden intervenes, Mr. Thomas is simply going to pour showers of gold into the laps of the Land Lords.

Let Mr. Snowden take his courage in both hands and collect this money from the "owners" for the benefit of the nation.

He will find it a golden key to the solution of most of his problems.

* * *

CONSERVATIVE leaders have now practically finished explaining why they lost the Election. Mr. Lloyd George and his lieutenants have also had their say.

But none of the apologies that we have seen has stressed the spasmodic and eleventh-hour nature of the propaganda machinery of the two older Parties as a vital factor.

Learn from Labour

For four and a half years it was a rare thing to find a Liberal or Conservative speaker at a street-corner, still rarer to find the rank-and-file enthusiasts distributing literature in their constituencies.

The whole effort of the Parties was confined to a concentrated orgy of publicity and speech-making, commencing a few weeks before the Election and ending abruptly on polling day.

Labour does not do things that way. Its propagandists never slacken in their efforts. Year in, year out they are unwearying in their persistent campaign.

When they are not at the street-corner, they are organising socials, and what spare time they have from these pursuits is spent in "contact" work in the factory as well as by the fireside.

Already the *Daily Herald* has opened a Victory Fund to fight the next Election.

Let Labour's opponents mark and learn.

SHORTLY before the dissolution of Parliament, we wanted to know why the report on mental deficiency dealing with adults had not been published.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain refused to say, and we hazarded a guess that he was afraid to disclose the truth.

A Board to control

He was. It now appears, although we are still waiting for the report—that not only is the amount of adult mental deficiency alarmingly in excess of anything that was anticipated, but the machinery for dealing with the state of things disclosed is shockingly inadequate.

That is one side of a grave problem, and a very disturbing side. Linked up with it is the fact that although public outcry forced a Royal Commission to enquire into the scandalous state of our lunacy laws five years ago, nothing whatever has been done.

The dividing line between mental deficiency and certifiable insanity is a thin one, and in any case the one may easily become the other. The suppressed report and the forgotten Royal Commission are clearly two sides of the same social problem.

Over it all hangs the shadow of the autocratic and tyrannical Board of Control, whose activities have so often figured in our pages to its discredit.

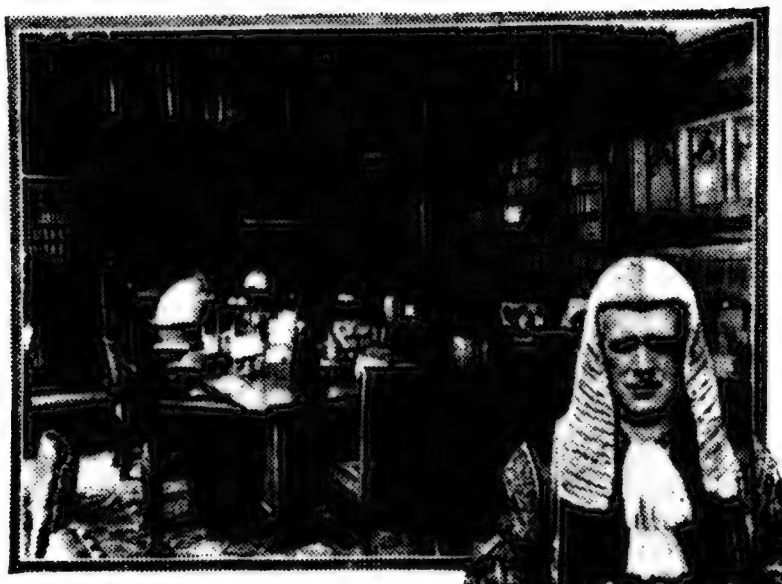
AS we have proved over and over again, five years is too long a time to ignore the Commission's urgent proposals for the reform of this secretive body.

It is not tolerable, for instance, that a husband has not the right to know the whereabouts of his certified wife, or that a man or woman, once certified, may be imprisoned for life without hope of release.

It is a monstrous scandal that the Board of Control should retain any longer the power to incarcerate children and young persons whom early preventive treatment can frequently cure.

That Mr. Baldwin in 1927 refused to take any action is all the more reason why, in 1929, Mr. MacDonald should get on with the job.

WHE... M...



This Map Room of the Commons Library Labour Members have made their own. Plans will be laid here to "ginger-up Ramsay"

Lord Chancellor Sankey will preside over the Peers' deliberations

OLD customs die hard. At the Palace of Westminster they are immutable. They are funny old customs, too, many of them, but they all have a history. Socialists have sneered and jeered at them, but have lived to be their most jealous guardians.

You may see a few of these survivals of age-long tradition if you pay a visit to the public galleries of the House of Commons or the more select galleries of the House of Lords.

Come with me first to the Commons.

Looking down from the Strangers' Gallery, you may find that business has been suspended temporarily, and into view, marching up the floor, comes a gentleman in knee-breeches and silk stockings, with a sword dangling by his side.

He marches with dignified step to the table, bows low, and, grasping the mace, which is resting on the table, in both hands, places it on supports below the table.

Now why should he have done that? While you are wondering, a gentleman in ordinary evening-dress slips quietly into a seat at the top end of the table and says loudly, "Order! Order!"

Can it be that the gentleman who removed the mace has done something unparliamentary? Not at all. What has happened is that the House has gone into Committee.

You did not see it go because it stayed where it was. But the Speaker has disappeared from his high-backed chair, and the Chairman of Committees has taken over command.

Frozen silk calves

But the gentleman in the silk stockings—what has happened to him? You saw him take half a dozen steps backward—not a simple evolution with a sword at his side—and disappear.

If your eyes could follow him, you would see him retire to a little pew, and, if it is a winter's day, wrap a warm, black rug round his silken calves and settle himself to watch and listen.

Why the black rug? you may ask. Well, the Palace of Westminster has a wonderful system of ventilation of its own by which the air is washed and filtered in cotton-wool and forced into the chamber through the floor, which is a grating covered by a net carpet.

And just you try sitting in a draught from the door and other draughts all around you, and think how welcome the rug would be.

It is said that M.P.s suffer from hot heads and cold feet.

The gentleman you have been watching is the Serjeant-at-Arms, Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, or it may have been his deputy, the picturesque, white-bearded, Mr. F. R. Gosset, or the Assistant-Serjeant, Mr. W. H. Erskine.

One or other is always in the pew while the House is in session.

The Serjeant-at-Arms is responsible for maintaining order. He is an all-powerful official.

If an M.P. becomes obstreperous and refuses to go when he is suspended, the Serjeant and his minions see to it that he stands not on the order of his going, but goes.

The Serjeant-at-Arms controls admission to the gallery in which you are sitting.

Now look at the Speaker. We will suppose he has come back and is sitting in his chair. It isn't a comfortable chair, and there is no desk in front of it.

The Speaker—Captain E. A. Fitz-Roy—was a Guardsman, but his gentle voice would give you no indication of that. He wears a full-bottomed wig, a black robe, knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles.

His is a position of high dignity. He receives £5,000 a year, and has a fine house in the Palace of Westminster. He is also certain of a peerage and a pension of £4,000 at the end of his term of office.

When the new Parliament gets to business the Speaker will have to go in for a course of memory-training, for he has to know every M.P. not only by name, but also by the name of his constituency.

He will have a compact little scrap-book prepared for him, in which there will be one or perhaps more photographs of each of the new Members whom he does not already know by sight, with their names and constituencies.

With the aid of this guide the Speaker will be able to identify his men, and incidentally to while away the idle hours by surveying the faces in the House and then finding their pictures.

The Speaker's house is a commodious residence, where he holds levees and official receptions. You can read chapters of Parliamentary history in its solid furnishings. You can see the portraits of practically every holder of the historic office.

The Speaker holds a certain number of levees each year. But he issues no invitations. A small notice stuck up in the corridors of the House of Commons intimates the dates, and M.P.s regard it as a duty on them to attend.

Key on his back

Now let us study another high functionary. "A message from the King, sir, signed by his own hand." These words come from the bar, and are uttered by a striking figure in gold-braided uniform.

He carries a cocked hat in one hand and what resembles a billiards cue more than anything else in the other. Strapped to his back is a large gold key.

He is the Vice-Chamberlain of the Household. Watch his stately tread, as he marches to the table, stopping three times to bow.

He reads the King's message and then walks backwards all the way he has come, again bowing three times.

His gold key, which opens no modern door, is a symbol of his office.

When the King opens Parliament in person, the Vice-Chamberlain's duty is to remain at Buckingham Palace to welcome back His Majesty, and, being in charge of the Palace, he has the key.

Mr. MacDonald has appointed Mr. Jack Hayes, a former Metropolitan policeman, to this office. So the Palace will be quite safe.

"He wears a full-bottomed wig. . . . He is also certain of a peerage and a pension"

The Vice-Chamberlain is also the King's reporter. He has to write a daily report of the proceedings of the House of Commons for the King's use.

If he is gifted with a literary style he may indulge it. He is permitted to be both descriptive and critical.

His report is telegraphed to Buckingham Palace from the Post Office in the House of Commons lobby.

We are now, let us suppose, in the middle of a debate in the

EN they FROWN— M.P.S TREMBLE

Beefeaters explore the cellars of the Houses before the State opening—looking for gunpowder plotters like old Guy Fawkes

The Macebearer with what Cromwell called "that bauble"

House of Commons. Suddenly the big doors outside the chamber are banged. The debate goes on.

Presently three knocks are heard and the doors are opened. A messenger comes to the bar and shouts "Black Rod." The Member who is speaking resumes his seat in the middle of a sentence.

In due course "Black Rod" enters, living up to his description by reason of his black attire and the little black rod surmounted by a gold lion which he carries. He bows to the Speaker and intimates that "the presence of this Honourable House" is required in the House of Peers.

The Speaker leaves his chair and follows him and the Members of the House of Commons fall in behind.

And while they are gone let us have a look at the door. It was banged in Black Rod's face whenever the watchful doorkeepers saw him coming from the House of Lords. That was to demonstrate the privileges of the House of Commons.

This indentation on the door is the handiwork of the Black Rods who have knocked since the building was erected sixty odd years ago.

Black Rod, or, to give him his full title, Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod, is Lt.-Gen. Sir W. P. Pulteney.

What is the finest spectacle periodically staged in London? It is one that the public never sees—the State Opening of Parliament.

The King and Queen sit on their thrones, surrounded by the great officers of State, facing the assembled peers in their scarlet and ermine robes, and peeresses with their glittering coronets.

Who are some of these officers? How many readers, I wonder, know who is the Chief Butler of England—or how many know that there is such an office.

The Chief Butler of England is the same person as the hereditary Earl-Marshal, and as the premier duke and earl. These dignities are the inheritance of the young Duke of Norfolk, who has just attained his majority.

His uncle, who is also his heir, has been acting as Deputy Earl-Marshal: but now presumably the young peer will take over.

Butler's free wine

The Chief Butlership is a sinecure, but in olden days the Butler enjoyed the right of taking one tun of wine from every ship importing from ten to twenty tuns. Butlerage ceased to be levied in 1809.

Another of our notabilities is the Lord Great Chamberlain. He is not the censor of plays (who is merely the Lord Chamberlain). But the Lord *Great* Chamberlain is the sixth great officer of State, and to him belongs the government of the Palace of Westminster.

The sword of State carried before the King when His Majesty opens Parliament is in his keeping. He has "livery and lodging" in the King's Court, and he collects fees from bishops and archbishops when they perform homage to the King.

The office is hereditary and is now held by Lord Lewisham.

To return to the M.P. with his £400 a year, his free travelling from Westminster to his constituency and his membership of the finest club in Europe.

It has many times been said that his is an easy job. It may be pleasant, but it is not light. He has a lot to learn. Even the procedure of the House is archaic.

This, for instance, is the issue on which the House may go to a division: "The question is that the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question. As many as are of that opinion say 'Aye'; the contrary, 'No.'"

"A commodious residence, where he holds levees"

If you were in favour of the amendment, how would you vote on an involved formula of that sort?

Many an experienced Member has found himself in the wrong lobby as a result of not grasping the question. Once in, he cannot get out until he records his vote.

The only redress he has is, if he can get through the wrong lobby quickly enough, to get into the right lobby in time, and vote there, too, thus nullifying the effect of his mistake, but at the same time robbing his own Party of his vote.

Very few M.P.s wear hats in the House nowadays, but the few who do have to be careful not to wear them at the wrong time. The M.P. must not wear a hat while he is walking to his seat, but he may wear one when he sits down.

If he rises to speak, off must come his hat. But if he wants to raise a point of order when a division has been called, he must remain seated and have a hat on his head, otherwise he will not catch the Speaker's eye.

He may borrow a hat if there is one handy and he has not one of his own. The fit does not matter. But a paper hat won't do, though it has often been tried.

If he is sitting in his place with his hat on and some other Member who is speaking refers to him, he raises his hat in acknowledgment.

If you are at the House of Commons of an evening and see otherwise dignified legislators sprinting along the covered passage in Palace Yard, hatless and with coat-tails flapping, do not think they have taken leave of their senses.

Before the doors close

What has happened is that they have been seeking a little rest or relaxation in St. Stephen's Club and have been warned of a division by the ringing of the division-bells in the club. There is only just time to get from the club to the lobby before the doors are locked.

A few Members who live near the House of Commons have the division-bells connected to their homes.

"... Peeresses with their glittering coronets." Here is a specimen

But there is a drawback to certain M.P.s in living too near the House. Have you noticed a light burning at night in the dome above Big Ben? That is the wives' warning.

The light is put out immediately Parliament rises at night. Very often it rises early, and if the light goes out at seven o'clock and the M.P. does not get home till midnight he can't make his Parliamentary duties his excuse.

Another privilege of the M.P. is that he can be married within the precincts of Westminster—in the crypt chapel under Westminster Hall. Also he can have his children baptised there.

Porridge to caviare

The crypt has served many purposes in the past. It has been a coal-cellar. It has also been part of the Speaker's dining-room.

The M.P. is well catered for in the way of food. There are meals to suit every purse, from porridge to caviare.

It was Mr. David Kirkwood who was the means of introducing porridge to the menu, and he supplied the recipe as well.

And, of course, Westminster is not dry. Being a Royal Palace, it is not required to observe the hours imposed on licensed premises. When the House sits all night the bars are open all night.

Politics, someone said recently, is a dirty game. But being in Parliament has compensating advantages.

At any rate, they are sufficient to attract men and women of all classes and interests, and that is why the House of Commons, with its ancient customs and its modern outlook, is one of the most interesting gatherings in the world.

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The Man who Died in the Dark

THAT an author may sometimes be plunged into happenings as dramatic and tense as any he might devise in fiction is borne out by the following story of a literary friend whom I shall call Anthony Garth.

Garth at the time of which I write had already done well by the world—he had given it five novels of outstanding merit—and the world had done well by him in turn. When he broke down about the middle of his sixth book it was easy to accept his doctor's advice. He had an income now that allowed a forced rest from labour.

"I was bred on Greenhow Hill, in Yorkshire," said his cheery, good physician. "Go to it. The air's bleak and hale—a tonic in itself."

So now Tony Garth was footing it from the queer, little station at Pateley Bridge, leaving his baggage to follow. He had engaged quarters in Greenhow village, four miles away; and four miles seemed a small affair, till he began to climb them.

"The ladders are wet and slippery. Hold fast with both hands as you go"

The road—a track narrow as a ribbon by contrast with the wilderness it climbed—served only to emphasise the strange and solitary aspect of the fells.

Tony Garth forgot that he had been ordered to give imagination a rest-cure. All that was deepest in him responded to the land's enchantment, though he half-feared the bondage.

And persistently he asked himself why the look of it all, the very name of Greenhow, was so familiar.

It had something to do with 'Liza Roantree. Yes, he had it now. Kipling had drawn inspiration from the country of his forefathers for one of his most compelling stories.

HE was not a Kipling, of course, but surely he could do better than that other work of his.

Anthony was wholly the author now, giving himself to plot and atmosphere, painting the first rough, haphazard colours of a novel on the canvas of his soul. It was no longer rest he needed, but the enticement of work that should be old as these gnarled hills and modern as to-day.

'Liza Roantree. By this time he was looking for her at each bend of the road. But his own heroine would be different altogether. She would be like a wild rose in this gaunt country, fragrant and small and good to see.

The men of his book would go with their land—big, forthright fellows, shouldering all tasks with ease. And throughout the tale would stalk the figure of a chill, relentless doom.

Doom. He had the title already, born of twilight settling over hill-spaces utterly forlorn.

Mystery was instinct in a country greying fast to nightfall. The mounds might be houses of primeval hobgoblins that still peopled these solitary wastes. No fancy seemed extravagant.

It was then he met her face to face as she came running from a by-track into the main highway he was following. She stopped on seeing him, and stood in the clear light that comes just before the dusk.

A Real Life Story by

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Briault

She was not of Liza Roantree's breed, nor yet like the wild rose he had pictured as his heroine. She was simply, inimitably herself.

"Oh, thank God!" she said, with desperate relief. "I came seeking help in Greenhow there, and it was far to go."

"What is it?" asked Anthony, direct as herself.

"Something that—that cannot wait. Will you come? Stranger, will you come with me?"

WHATEVER her errand, it was no easy one. Terror showed in her eyes—a dread that haunted Tony. It was out of keeping with her wild, wind-brown beauty, with the erect, lithe figure that suggested self-reliance.

"I will come," he said briefly.

She turned at once along the track that had brought her to the high road, and beckoned him to follow.

"The light is failing. Keep step behind me."

Not only adventure was tingling in his blood, but a passionate, bewildering joy. He had yielded utterly to the place and the hour, to the witchery of this girl who had come to thread the dusk with swift romance.

All his life till now seemed unsubstantial. She and the night wind and the hills alone seemed real.

They came soon to one of the railed enclosures that Tony had seen from the road, and again the girl broke

(*Continued on page 24*)

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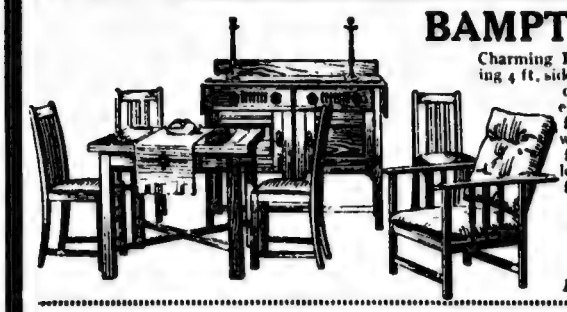

Charming Dining Group in oak, comprising 4 ft. sideboard, £8 : 8 : 0. Heavy draw leaf table, 5 ft. by 3 ft. extended, 3 ft. by 3 ft. closed, £7 : 7 : 0. Four small chairs, with drop-in Rexine seats, £1 : 6 : 0 each. One adjustable loose cushion chair in taffeta, £1 : 12 : 0.

SUITE COMPLETE, £22 : 19 : 6.

SEND **10/-** ONLY

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Very charming Bedroom Group in beautifully Figured Oak, comprising 3 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with mirror fitted inside the door and long linen drawer, £9 : 5 : 0. Beautiful 3 ft. sunk centre dressing table with frameless mirror and dressing chest with four drawers, £12 : 15 : 0. Also one chair. Suite, complete, £22 : 10 : 0. 4 ft. bedstead complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather pillows and bolster £10 : 10 : 0.

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An attractive 3-piece Suite in Rexine with Dark Oak Frame. Consists of settee, £9 : 17 : 6, and two comfortable Easy Chairs at £6 : 19 : 6 each. The seats are fitted with loose Brown Velvet cushions filled with feather down.

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EASY CHAIRS

Well-upholstered Easy Chair covered in real hide, very finely sprung, button front, finished with rich brown velvet cushion.

PRICE £8 : 10 : 0.

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A beautifully upholstered Easy Chair, covered in real hide, well sprung, with brown velvet loose seat cushions filled feather down.

PRICE £7 : 10 : 0.

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ELDHURST PIANO

Mahogany or Walnut finish. Iron Frame. Tape check action. Full compass. Height, 3 ft. 9 in. Width, 4 ft. 2 in. Depth, 1 ft. 11 in. Sweet tone. 39 Gns.

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A "Goldenphone" model. Oak finish. Record cupboard. 12 in. turntable. Powerful British made motor. "Grandtone" sound box. Height, 3 ft. 2 in. Width, 1 ft. 5 in. Depth, 1 ft. 6 in.

£7 : 15 : 0.

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that "Kruschen feeling" again

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7th May, 1929. *F. C., Liverpool.*

Kruschen ensures internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness means the circulation of clear, refreshed blood to every cell of your system, converting every vein of you into a tiny torrent of energy, filling every fibre of you with that "Kruschen feeling" of fitness.

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Gone—Shopkeeper's martyrdom ended.

Here is a man who stands 12 hours a day behind his shop counter. After 40 years he can write and say that his feet are as young as ever. He has found the secret of feet that never tire. Once he was a martyr to hard corns and rheumatism. Now he puts his feet daily into Radox footbaths. Read his letter:—

"It gives me much pleasure to testify to the value of Radox for corns on the feet, hard skin and rheumatism. After 40 years behind the counter, standing over 12 hours per day on the feet, I find nothing so soothing as Radox Bath Salts. It keeps the feet young, which is a great factor in shop life. I may add that before I used Radox I was a martyr to hard corns and rheumatism, but I am entirely free from those troubles now."

14th April, 1929.

W. P., London, N.W.1.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

1/6 *half-pound pink packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

Brings quick relief to aching feet

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1s. 6d. per ½lb. Pink Packet, and 2s. 6d. double quantity.

"The Man who Died in the Dark"—*Continued from page 22*

silence. "All are not fenced. There are open mines ahead. That is why I said keep behind. You are strange to the country."

So these railings, wet in the glistening, filmy mist, hid mine-shafts. The mounds he had pictured as the abodes of hobgoblins were the heaped "spoil" thrown up from the workings, and their bulk witnessed to the shaft's depth.

Anthony Garth had an inborn shrinking from precipices and the brink of mines. The deeps below seemed always to draw him, as if invisible, strong hands reached up.

He felt nothing of that now, even when presently the track wound in and out between a network of the unfenced mines. Their silent gloom awakened no panic, no call for resolution to fight down his weakness.

FEAR of any sort had gone from Tony. He cared nothing for the mines, for whatever danger might wait at the end of this glamoured night-journey. For as long as they travelled in company, this odd and wayward joy was all that mattered.

Once again the girl broke the silence. "We have not far to go," she said, halting for a moment as if listening for some call across the wastes.

The wind, thin and sorrowful, was the only voice that broke the stillness. The girl went on again, her figure grey against the increasing dusk.

And Tony knew that he would follow or lead until the end. But he must lead, after she had shown him the unknown way to an unguessed errand.

Then both halted suddenly. A man's cries, muffled and eerie, came from the gloom. Tony was bewildered by their nearness, that seemed, at the same time, far off.

"Two of us came across the fell," said the girl, her voice sharp with remembered tragedy; "and *he* took a false step by the way."

He. A jealousy uncouth, astonishing, took him unawares. Anthony conquered it. Again the cry had shuddered out across the twilight—harsh, agonised, peremptory. Was it a time to give rein to any feeling but the one?

"Poor devil," he said briefly.

They were at the brink of the mine now. Cry followed cry, sinking into faint moans that rose once more to anguished pitch. Alone, neither could have borne the eeriness of this dark chasm that spoke with a human voice. Together, they faced the matter out.

"They are working the mines again. The ladders are in place, and sound."

He waited for no more. It seemed natural that he should go down into this appalling darkness. A man needed him down yonder, and the girl asked as much.

As he was feeling for a foothold on the first rung she leaned forward, almost as if to draw him back.

"The ladders are wet and slippery. Hold fast with both hands as you go."

Again, after he had taken the journey—she counting the rungs by the sound of his laboured, unskilled tread—the girl knelt at the mine's brink and called to him.

"There will be candles at the bottom of the shaft. Light one, and see to him."

TONY'S answer came echoing up the shaft, and the girl got to her feet again, standing back from the brink because the thought of it brought a sudden dizziness. So did life.

The waiting-time seemed endless. Neither moans nor anguished cries sounded now from the shaft. What was happening in the dark, cruel mine?

A stranger had followed her bidding. Her heart went out to his acceptance of the hazard. How easily an untrained foot might slip on greasy ladders linked together and swaying with their burden.

What would he find down there? The man who had been with her not long ago—alive and lusty on the heights—was lying broken. What would the stranger find when he came to the last rung of the perilous ladders?

No sound of feet came up these ladders; yet suddenly, as she watched the brink, she drew back in terror. A big moon, rising clear of April mists, showed her a dozen men clambering over the ladder-top and into the broken lands of Greenhow.

She could not tell what they were doing at this hour. The newly opened mines were not so busy yet as to need more than one "shift" a day, and it was long past working hours.

Then suddenly she understood. These men had come to the surface without a jest or a word between them. Their feet as they passed had made no sound on the rough track.

Her glance, following them, showed them trudging forward, a filmy band, luminous with some light not borrowed from the moon.

The fear that gripped her was very real and cold. Those who lived on Greenhow Hill had been reared to knowledge of the Ghostly Shift—the spirits of dead miners who returned in warning. A death in the shaft was always the burden of their tale.

J. D. BERESFORD

writes an uncanny story of real life,

"Was it Karma?"

in next week's issue

For a long while she stood there, numbed and shaken. Then dread of the supernatural left her. A new fear intruded, as she turned to the mine again. Its black maw seemed to hold greater menace now the moon showed its grim, rocky lips in pitiless outline.

The man who had taken a false step and fallen headlong—was it he who would never breathe the Greenhow air again, never brave winter on the heights, nor watch the spring return?

Or was it that other, who had come at need up the Pateley Road, and taken her errand gladly? She had no right to send any untrained man into the dizzy shaft. Was it that other?

Tony Garth had got down the swinging ladders somehow. The cold, the creepy sense of desolation, increased with every wet rung left behind as he descended to the unknown dark.

At last, as he took another tentative step downward, he touched solid ground. With a quick sense of relief he got himself in hand again, fumbled for the matches in his pocket, struck a light.

He found a candle, and presently its wan flame flickered into a show of brightness. It showed him miners' tools, and some few discarded bottles that had once been filled with cheery ale.

Then, reluctantly, he found the sprawled body, lying face upward to the roof that lay deep under Greenhow Hill.

Death, the great optimist, had done his best with the coarse features, had touched them with some wistful hope of betterment when the last roll-call sounded.

JEALOUSY chose this queer moment to intrude again. How could such as the proud lass who had met him on the road—the road incalculably remote by now, with free winds blowing down it, instead of this dark, stifled air—how could she have chosen such as he?

He did not know. In this tense moment he was aware of many things—strange hauntings that rustled in the shadows cast by his flickering candle. Ghosts of old miners, who had toiled here with pick and shovel and blast-charges seemed to people all the gloom.

For the rest he was alone—no man shared his solitude. The horror of it grew urgent, unbearable.

He sprang to the ladder, letting his candle drop as he set foot on the first rung, and climbed up with desperate speed.

Twice he slipped, but recovered by firm handhold and went up—interminably up—through the dank, haunted darkness.

Flickering gleams of light began to steal about him. Hope whispered to tired muscles and nerves that were sadly frayed. He was now near the end of this long hazard.

The light increased, till presently he was standing half in, half out of prison.

He was breathing a wind, incredibly sweet, that blew across spaces open to the sky.

It seemed strange to him that those last few steps to safety were hardest of all to take. The mine, all but robbed of its prey, was putting its last spell on him.

HE battled through, and stood panting for awhile in the free-striding moonlight.

Then his eyes cleared of mist, and he saw the girl there, slim, magical, complete. And life seemed to turn its back on him.

She was not for him. Her heart was with the man who lay crumpled at the mine-foot.

"What did you find?" she asked steadily.

"The worst."

"He—will not come back? But, stranger, that is the best news you could bring."

He could make nothing of it till her tongue was loosed and she told him, in clipped, broken sentences, the way of this wild venture. The man who had taken the last false step of many had pursued her, though she loathed him.

The passion he named love had driven him to desperation to-night when he had met her on the moor and renewed his suit.

Her refusal broke down his last self-restraint. The light of madness showed so plainly in his face that she had fled in terror, and the wild chase had carried them between the unfenced mine-shafts.

"The rest you know," she said, facing him in the clear moonlight.

STILL he was in doubt. She was so completely incarnate with romance, so strong and wistful and beguiling, that Anthony was jealous even of the dead.

"If you loathed him, why did you come in search of help?"

"Could any woman—or any man—have left him to die, if there was a chance of life? It was cold and dark down there—dark and cold—and I pictured it all, and ran for help."

Anthony, on these grim heights, had found no novel that would shake the world, but he had found his heart.

"We're both for Greenhow Village. Come," he said.

New facts about CLEANING TEETH!

DO YOU KNOW ...

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a tooth-paste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

A remarkable scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market to-day.*

Colgate's penetrates deeper because its sparkling snow-white foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices and wash away all food particles. In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth.

The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean*. The highest dental authorities support the statement that no dentifrice can cure pyorrhoea or an acid condition of the mouth. Only a dentist or physician can do that.

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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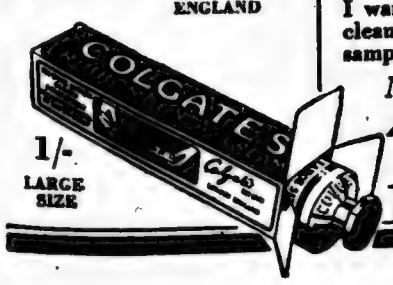

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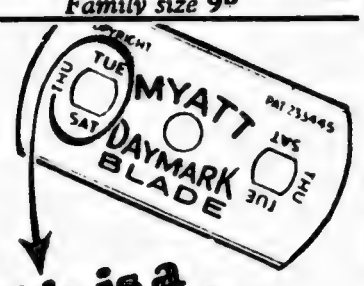

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MEN *who* STEAL BRAINS

exposed by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

Professor Low himself invents—but a patent pirate has not yet caught him

THE Patent Office has just announced that last year was a record period for inventors. More than 38,000 applications were received, and the profit to the Patent Office reached the sum of £147,840.

I wonder what the profit of the inventors totalled?

The day of the mad inventor with a black hat and a straw in his hair has passed. The man with new ideas is now the backbone of industry.

Yet he is, as a rule, one of the worst treated members of the community. He is classed with the spring poet as a necessary nuisance.

A few men and women make fortunes from inventions. A large number lose a great deal of money through foolishness. Not a few are swindled of their just reward.

The Patent Office should make it clear that it does not offer the inventor a Government guarantee of novelty, but only the right to fight out his claim in the Law Courts.

True, the sum it charges him on registration of his patent is small, but renewal fees and outside charges mount up to about £40 within the first few months and run into five times this amount during the life of the patent.

Imagine the predicament of the inventor of a machine that requires half a dozen patents to cover it. Where is he going to find, say, £1,200, after having spent his life savings on tools, materials and models?

Since brains and money-making ability rarely go hand in hand, the inventor usually is without the capital to pay these fees. He is forced to seek financial help, and his story is often one of systematic fleecing.

The first man he visits may be struck with the excellence of the invention. He offers to pay the fees for a half-share in the patent.

"Fairy godfathers"

Later on other expenses crop up. The invention must be maintained and marketed. The unfortunate inventor again visits his fairy godfather, who, for a further quarter-share, provides more money.

When eventually the idea is taken up and articles manufactured, the inventor finds that the fortune he has dreamt of has dwindled down to a mere pittance. It is his financial adviser who makes the fortune.

Of course, it is all "above board." It is business. But is it right? There are innumerable cases where slight improvements have been made on an invention and the inventor has received not a penny in royalties, although his brain conceived the entire scheme.

The probability is, of course, that a large number of inventors never get as far as being fleeced by a business man. There are many wolves waiting for them.

Of the minor swindles, the following is typical:

A man had devised an ingenious machine and registered it at the Patent Office.

A few days later a mysterious letter bearing a foreign stamp arrived. The notepaper was of fine quality and impressively headed.

The gist of the letter was that an Academy of Inventions having read the details of his invention, fully perceived its merit and proposed to award him the Honorary Degree of Diplomatist of the Academy, together with the Gold Medal of the First Degree.

Further down comes a prosaic paragraph explaining that registration fees and other costs unfortunately amounted to some £3, and that "cheques should be made payable——"

Academic sharks

In his enthusiasm the inventor is apt to forget that this academy cannot have read the details of his patent, since he has not filed them, and the probability is that he sends the money.

The diploma and medal are worth exactly nothing. The diploma is a waste of good paper and the gold medal is only gilt. Neither will be of the slightest use.

Incredible as it sounds, this trap has caught many foolish inventors in this country and in the United States.

And there are unregistered "agents" for whom the title "shark" would be flattering.

By cleverly worded letters calculated to play upon all the finer feelings and hopes of the inventor they drain him of his last penny.

A favourite scheme is to write to the inventor from an address at which they are registered as "Company financiers—Inventions developed," asking on what terms he would sell his patent.

The inventor, knowing a little of business methods, quotes a sum a great deal larger than he actually hopes to get. To his surprise it is accepted.

Messrs. Grabbit and Graball, the company financiers, very naturally make a stipulation. The invention must be examined by experts and a report furnished. They recommend certain patent advisers as experts in this special line—they are!—and trust that they will receive the report in a few days as the matter is urgent.

The patent adviser charges the inventor £10 to £40, according to his ability to pay, and, of course, furnishes an adverse report. There the matter ends.

The unwary inventor may also be swindled over what is generally termed "infringement assurance."

There are many reputable companies, notably in the United States, which issue policies covering the inventor for legal expenses in connection with infringements.

But there are also disreputable companies who offer, for a mere £5 or £10, to cover him up to £500 for infringement for thirty days after registering the patent.

I am not exaggerating when I say that the chance of an infringement during these thirty days is about the same as the chance of his being struck by lightning. The policy would be dear at sixpence.

A sound policy to cover possible legal fees would be excellent. Many inventors have had their ideas stolen by rich companies who were secure in their belief that the owner was too poor to fight it out in the law courts.

After many trials and much heartburning, an inventor often sells his patent only to find that he has been trapped. A new invention which is an improvement on a standard article often involves putting down new plant at considerable expense.

Obviously a manufacturer would prefer not to do this, but he knows that if the patent gets into the hands of a rival, he may be badly hit.

He therefore buys the invention, offering the inventor an unusually handsome royalty and a sum of from £50 to £500 down. Once in his possession the invention is deliberately shelved and the inventor gets not a penny profit from royalties.

Each contract into which an inventor enters should contain a clause that the invention must be marketed within a certain time, but an agreement in which the inventor guarantees legal novelty, utility and subject matter may involve him in thousands of pounds in costs.

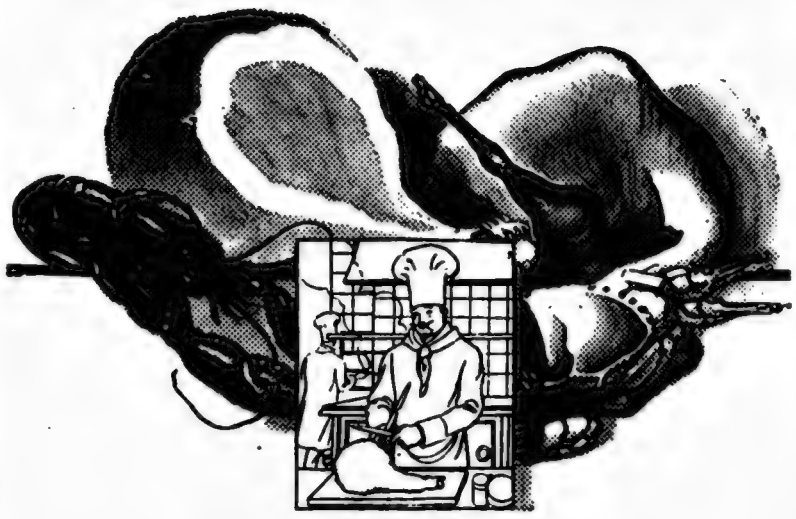
"You're a nuisance"

Every man and woman is now a potential inventor.

Many of the best inventions have been made by untrained men. It is up to them to be wary, to seek expert advice in reliable directions.

The public can help by an attitude of sympathy and intelligent appreciation instead of the "You're a nuisance!" attitude of the out-of-date business man. More political fervour and less legal contempt would be a useful matter for a new Minister of Invention.

Sailor Savouries ..put safety first-



First of all by scouring and scrubbing everything in the kitchen to battleship brightness and whiteness.

Then by using only good wholesome fare—the best of its kind. Plump tender fowls, prime hams, fat toothsome turkeys, smoked ox-tongues, salmon, shrimps and crabs and lobsters just out of the sea. By cooking them all superlatively well, and packing them straight away, with their good homely flavour enhanced with subtle seasonings, into jars. Then by scrupulous cleaning of jars and everything else used to pack these potted meats and fish pastes. And then by sealing them up tight, so that no air can get at them until you open the jar, and lastly sterilising them in the jars. So that as well as being perfectly safe and full of nourishment, Sailor Savouries are fresh-flavoured as the good fresh foods they are made of. Because nothing counts more in cooking than spotless, scrupulous cleanliness. Any good cook will tell you that.

Angus Watson, of "Skippers" fame, Newcastle upon Tyne.

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5½d — 7½d — 9½d

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Chicken, ham and tongue — Turkey and tongue
Ham and tongue — Chicken and tongue
Chicken and ham

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"I shouldn't like to tackle a wash like yours, Mum, without my two favourites. It's not that I'm complaining of the quantity, but I always find something as requires a bit of a hexpert to it. But I'm ready for anything if I've my Reckitt's Blue and my Robin Starch. Give your white things a bluin' in Reckitt's Blue and you're sure of a good lasting white. And as for Robin Starch—well, you know me by now, Mum, and you know that I'm right if I've Robin. Folks sometimes crack me up for the 'igh finish I get and for seeming to do the work so smooth and easy. But I sometimes think if everyone got their due a lot of the praise they give to Mrs. Rawlins would 'ave to go to Robin."

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". . . where the crew's accommodation is unfit for animals"

A MIST of romance and sentimentality obscures the life of the seaman, as far as the average shore-going person is concerned.

We talk of the heroes afloat, when we read of wreck or disaster at sea, but we know very little of the conditions which British seamen have to face to earn their livelihood.

Over the broad oceans the ships carry rich cargoes and thousands of passengers. The men on deck and the men sweating in the stokehold below—they are on the job all the time, watch and watch. They must spend years of their lives on board. They work twelve hours a day, too.

Down in the fo'c'sle, where the sailors and firemen sleep, and in the "glory hole" where the catering employees have their home, the conditions are often—to put it mildly—undesirable.

There is the matter of cubic space. Let us make a comparison. A convict's cell must contain 800 cubic feet. Each workhouse inmate is estimated to enjoy about 400 cubic feet of space. Army and Navy transport regulations demand a minimum of 200 cubic feet for each man when travelling. But the seaman, on an average, must put up with 120 cubic feet of fo'c'sle.

Remember, too, that the fo'c'sle is always occupied. While one watch is on deck or in the engine-room another watch is resting. Also, the air in the seamen's sleeping place is usually forced air, sometimes down to the crew's quarters after passing through the passengers' section of the ship.

Fo'c'sle infernos

The crew's living quarters are often so near the water line that the least roughness of the sea compels the closing of the port-holes. Imagine this while passing through the glowing inferno of the Red Sea.

Add to this the fact that sometimes the quarters are so near the engine-room that the heat is stuffily intolerable even in cold weather.

There they are, cooped in this restricted space, day after day, eating and sleeping. For it is only in the most modern ships, belonging to a few enlightened owners, that mess-rooms are provided for the crew.

An ordinary third-class railway carriage is more than twice as large as the space allotted to each two seamen for sleeping and eating. And this same space is cumbered not only by bunks, but also by their table, lockers, and so on.

The grumbles of the sailor have become a legend, like the grumbles of the farmer; and both are commonly considered a mere amiable eccentricity—a habit of complaining without cause. But in the sailor's case there is generally reason in plenty for the most bitter protests against his living conditions.

I have seen ships where the crew's accommodation was unfit for animals, much less for human beings.

Water oozes through the ceiling from the decks and trickles come in from the sides. The bunks are infested with lice and bugs. The atmosphere is frankly beyond description.

Many shipping companies provide no bedding for their men. The seaman must bring his own. And if after a long spell of unemployment he has just secured a berth, one can well understand that he has not much money to spend on bedding.

Therefore he buys old bedding from dealers on the water-front who specialise in this class of goods. It is not second-hand bedding; it is often third-hand or fourth-hand; nor has it received the fumigation it so drastically needs.

So, with his "donkey's breakfast" upon his shoulders, the seaman goes aboard to suffer nights of torment until custom—that potent deadener of pain—at last enables him to sleep throughout his watch below.

Dock-side vultures

All the seaman's troubles do not end when he returns from his voyaging and steps ashore for a brief respite "on the spree."

At the dock-side the vultures await him. There are the oily vendors of shiny trash—the watches that won't go, the razors which are blunted in a day, the "leather" wallets which tear like paper.

Their wares are laid out upon the ground. They await the seaman with his three or four months' pay in his pocket.

He is brought to them by their touts who have made his acquaintance in the public-house whither he has gone for a parting glass with his shipmates after paying-off.

These confederates stimulate sales, and before the simple sailor knows what has happened he has parted with a pound in exchange for five-shillings-worth of tawdry, worthless goods.

There are many genial, friendly souls to greet the returning seafarer.

There is the "pan-handler" first of all; the man who once (oh, so many years ago!) made a voyage or two himself.

Now he finds it more profitable to meet the men coming off the ships and to cajole them into parting with a shilling or two for an "old sailor in misfortune."

There are the hail-fellow-well-met chaps who, after a glass or two, suggest a nice, cosy little game of whist or nap.

And there are the vile purveyors of other pleasures: the new friends who can take him to a public-house and introduce him to a couple of "nice girl friends."

However, our seaman does not always fall a victim to these wiles. Sometimes because he has too much sense: sometimes because he has a little home and a wife to go to: and sometimes because he hasn't any money.

"Hasn't any money?" you will exclaim. "How can this be after a voyage?"

One always imagines the jolly sailor returning home with his pockets bulging with his earnings. Let us see how this applies to the married man.

He gets a job as trimmer, we will say, at the average rate of £9 per month. Before he sailed he probably had to get an advance note in order to leave some money with the wife, to buy himself some sea-gear, and perhaps to pay £2 to join the National Seamen's Union.

He allots £7 a month to his wife and family, that is the maximum sum out of his pay. This amounts only to £1 12s. 6d. per week. Not a princely amount, you will agree, for a wife and two or three children.

Debts to pay

Perhaps there have been weeks of unemployment, and debts must be paid off. So that, while the husband is away, it often happens that the wife must apply to the relieving officer for additional help.

And when he returns, after two or three months, he finds the relieving officer there to meet him, to claim the rest of his wages. Not a portion of the debt, but the entire amount.

Any seaman will tell you that it is no uncommon thing for a discharged man to have to borrow twopence for his tram fare home, after having paid the relieving officer on landing.

Then another month or more of unemployment ashore may come round. And seamen are not paid for the time they spend ashore looking for another ship.

No, the married man does not have much to spend on roistering when he is paid off. It is the single man, who has had no rent to pay while at sea, and no dependents to support, who falls a victim to the land sharks.

Our seamen should be protected. They should be enabled to live decently on board; and the law should more vigilantly restrict the activities of those unsavoury gentry who would exploit and debauch them.

The seamen deserve to be looked after. They undergo greater risk of accident and disease than the members of any other trade. Official statistics show that more seamen die from violence than workers in any other industry.

A light is thrown upon the living conditions, upon which I have touched above, by the fact that respiratory tuberculosis is more common among seamen than among any other workers.

Another astonishing fact is that only gas stokers and chemical workers show a higher figure of deaths from cancer than seamen.

Don't blast their dreams

Thousands of British boys are choosing the sea as a means of earning a living. They are looking forward to this livelihood with all the glowing anticipation and enthusiasm which our long and splendid tradition of British sea-going arouses.

We must not condemn them to the disillusionment of overcrowded, insanitary and degrading conditions.

And we must help them to a clean and adequate life ashore as well.

Walk on Double-Wear Leather Soles!

Now is the time when you want good leather on the soles of your shoes. Now, when days are long and fine and you can walk over the hills and far away. Now is the time for Dri-ped, *the leather that wears twice as long as ordinary leather.*

The reason why Dri-ped wears so long is this: Leather consists of fibres; the Dri-ped process shrinks the fibres so that the hide is contracted to about half its original thickness. The fibres are compressed, knitted together, so to speak, tightened and toughened. The result is a thin pliable leather which is compact and tenacious and light, but a demon of obstinacy for wear. There is a kind of Dri-ped Double-Wear Leather for every sort of shoe—thick for country shoes; medium for walking shoes, light for town shoes. Any shoe repairer will use Dri-ped if asked to.

And does it cost a lot extra to have shoes soled with Dri-ped Double-Wear Leather? No, it only costs 1/- extra for women's and 1/6 for men's. Wonderfully little, isn't it?

DRI-PED

DOUBLE-WEAR LEATHER

Light for smart shoes ★★★ *Medium* for walking shoes
Thick for country shoes

Of course, it is an advantage to have Dri-ped soles on new shoes. Shoes with Dri-ped soles are obtainable at all branches of WM. ABBOTT & SONS, LTD., LENNARDS LTD., *and* JACKSONS LTD.; *men's only at* HORNE BROS, *and* THE BRITISH SHOE CO., LTD. *Many shoe shops sell* LIBERTY *Dri-ped-soled women's shoes.* CATHEDRAL *and* HAZEL *men's shoes and* WILWIN *for men, women and children. If you have any difficulty in getting Dri-ped-soled footwear, write to Dri-ped Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.*

D90

Cheddar or Cheshire
BOX OF
6, 8, or 12 portions
1/4½

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
100 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PARCELS (Value 10/-) of 'DIPLOMA' PURE FOODS.
200 BOXES OF CHEESE EACH CONTAINING SIX 3P PORTIONS
200 TINS of CORONET Milk

A budding young poet of Kew,
Wrote, "My inspiration is you
Oh, Crustless Diploma!
Your taste, your aroma

.....

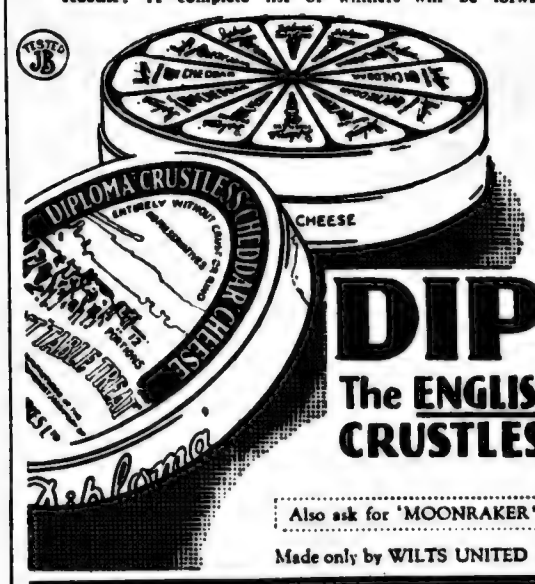
CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: **(Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.**

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Wednesday, June 26, 1929.**

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor



£10 WINNER.

Writes a charming young maiden from Trinz,
"For supper your cheese is the thing:
Every night, I must vow,
Is 'Diploma Night' now,
And we wake with 'that Crustless feeling.'"

DIPLOMA
The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Also ask for 'MOONRAKER' BUTTER—another 'Diploma' product.

Made only by WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/9. Heavy grade 8/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.

LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

ZAM-BUK
Is The Best Healing Ointment

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. . . . and NOW good time keeping at a sensible price.

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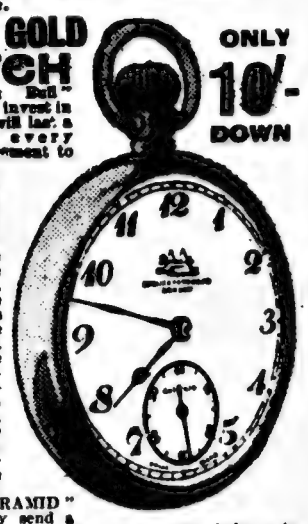
ONLY 10/- DOWN



Every "John Bull" reader can now invest in a Watch that will last a lifetime, with every modern improvement to perfect its precision-like movement. By far the finest gold watch value ever offered at the sensible price of £5/5/-. Remarkable accuracy, as lasting as the watch itself. The name "Pyramid" represents generations of fine watch making, an assurance of enduring reliability — Greenwich time for your pocket.

Get your "PYRAMID" NOW. Simply send a small first payment of 10/- and pay the balance in monthly instalments of 10/-. Use the convenient order form below TO-DAY

You are cordially invited to test the watch in your pocket FOR ONE MONTH'S TRIAL.

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Makers of Fine Watches for 58 Years,
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POST THIS ORDER FORM NOW.

To SPIKINS from DENT (Dept. J.), The Broadway, London, W.13.
I enclose 10/-. Please deliver to me the "Pyramid" Watch as described and illustrated above, price £5/5/-, the balance of which sum I agree to pay you at the rate of 10/- a month, the next payment to be made one calendar month after date of delivery and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each ensuing month.

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All Black or Plated Finish.

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2½d. a day.

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MEN'S	WOMEN'S
SINGLE SPEED. £3 19 6.—6/- Monthly	SINGLE SPEED. £4 6 0.—6/6 Monthly
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Write for Catalogue "W," Post Free.

WM. WHITELEY, Ltd.,
Cycle and Motor Cycle Depart., 3rd Floor,
QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.2

The PENCE of the POOR

buy banquets of scraps

The poor must shop at stalls—and count the cost of every ha'porth that they buy, or short rations will be inevitable before next pay-day

TWO hundred and forty pence in a pound! Translated into meat and bread and all the things by which we live, what a little way the pennies go.

To find sufficient food for a family with a weekly exchequer of only £2 10s. or less is one of the hardest problems of the poor.

The struggle for daily bread begins with the sunrise. Before seven o'clock small children with big bags start to fetch "stale."

A fresh quartern loaf costing eightpence or more is impossible for a hungry brood. "Stale" is the solution. For sixpence or a little more you will get two loaves and some broken cake left over from the previous day.

Walk for breakfast

Small shops only bake to their customers' demands. The larger depots, however, are still good markets, though they are few and far between.

The kiddies often walk a long way for their breakfast. You may hear the patter of their feet all over London in the early morning, flocking like sparrows for their crumbs.

In the evening a small crowd gathers round the local greengrocer's. Just before the shops shut you may buy "specs"—golden oranges, rosy apples, plums, bananas beginning to "go off." For threepence you can get a bag of juicy beauties just a little over-ripe.

Fresh vegetables, alas! never fall below the market price, nor do potatoes. The poor rarely eat greens; they are too dear.

Butter is beyond their dreams, and margarine is standardised and dripping very rare and most expensive. But you may buy a pennyworth of jam sufficient for the family tea, and a slab of meat-paste known as "chicken and ham."

Penny pickles

Pickles also are purchased by the pennyworth as well as vinegar. This way you do not have to pay the cost of packing, let alone the bottle or the jar.

Coal at 2s. 6d. a hundredweight is more than the poor can manage. They buy fuel blocks at two for threehalfpence, which last all day in a small grate if they are not poked.

Cheese is never reduced in price, but you can get a small portion. Breakfast bacon, like sugar and tea, is standardised, but tins of condensed milk of unknown brand are sold in a job lot.

In the matter of fish you never know your luck, especially at the week-end. Piled high on their stalls, kippers, bloaters and yellow haddocks gleam under the naphtha flares at a fifth of the shop price.

Kippers at three-halfpence a pair go like hot cakes; cod, hake, mackerel and herrings rapidly disappear.

Fresh fish, however, is a summer sale. In the cold weather it will easily keep till Monday. Not so the inferior parts of foreign beef and mutton, which are all that the poor can afford. Meat auctions are in full swing between eight and nine every Saturday evening all over London.

In the New Cut and Strutton Ground the crowd is always dense, the salesman at his best and brightest.

Good-humoured chaff flies to and fro; women with market-baskets exchange jokes with gigantic butchers, while the husbands, generally in the background to carry the stuff home, listen with a grin.

"Who wants a juicy cut at sevenpence?" A gristly flank of beef is held aloft. "That's what I calls a picture!"

The crowd remains unmoved, save for a derisive laugh, and the price runs down to fourpence, sometimes 3½d. a pound. And even then the housewife counts the few coins in her purse.

But her old man and the children look for a taste of meat on Sundays, so she buys the beef, or a piece of the scrag end of mutton, or the breast, with a bit of suet thrown in or occasionally a pound of sausages as makeweight.

"Pieces" left over from the prime cuts go from fourpence to sixpence per pound, and are excellent for stews and meat puddings.

Then there are peddlers with pigs' trotters, whelks, stewed eels and other delicacies. Extravagances these, from which a woman must avert her eyes. But once in a way she surrenders. Trotters are succulent at twopence, and a basin of eels enough for two costs sixpence.

Here also you will find stalls with cottons at a penny a reel, stockings a shilling a pair, underwear at about the same figure, all sorts of odds and ends of ironmongery, carpets and reed mats.

Cups and saucers slightly chipped, cracked plates and jugs go for a song.

Broken sweet-stuff at threepence a half-pound, broken biscuits at twopence—you may get a banquet for the cost of half-a-crown.

"Buy, buy, buy!"

Clothes are not bought at the Saturday markets. The poor dress on the instalment system. A shilling a week and every week keeps the girls decently dressed, and another shilling looks after the family shoes.

It is a wearing process to plan out the pennies, and what you spend on one thing must come off another.

By nine o'clock the Saturday night crowd begins to thin. The shops put up their shutters, the stallkeepers pack up.

A belated lump of meat, highly discoloured, is knocked down for a shilling, the last of the haddocks changes hands for threepence. The flares die out; the "Buy, buy, buy!" of the salesmen is silenced.

Another Saturday—with its bargaining and striving—has come and gone.

Two Readers Split

Our £500 cheque

TWO fortunate readers share last week's prize of £500 in JOHN BULL's Crossword No. 14.

They are Miss Annie Green, who lives in the pretty little village of Appleshaw, in Hampshire, and Mr. Robert Ironside, an invalid, of Allenvale Road, Bridge Fallan, to whom £250 comes as a veritable godsend.

• • •

"I don't know what I shall do with the money," said Miss Green, smiling happily, when interviewed by our representative. "There are lots of things I want to buy.

"But I must not only think of myself," she said, glancing pensively at her father, an old man of eighty-five, who sat in the garden enjoying the sunshine. "I shall now be able to buy him lots of little luxuries to make his old age comfortable.

"Dad and I have lived together ever since mother died. We are great comrades. We both hope to spend the rest of our days in Appleshaw," she added, glancing affectionately across the village green.

Miss Green stated that she had been entering JOHN BULL competitions for several years. She has won several small prizes in the "Bullets" competitions. She intends persevering until she wins a first prize.

Mr. Ironside, when interviewed, expressed his deep sense of gratitude to JOHN BULL.

The prize comes as a solace to the misfortune which he has suffered recently. Following an accident in a dyeworks, in which he crushed his arm, came an attack of congestion of the lungs.

But Mr. Ironside smiled happily over his bad luck.

"The silver lining behind my cloud of disaster was the JOHN BULL prize," he said with a twinkle. "I was unable to fill in the puzzle myself, so I had to get my fiancée, Miss Margaret Johnstone, to help me."

• • •

Mr. Ironside stated that he has been entering for the competition ever since it was started.

"And we intend to continue competing after we are married," said his fiancée, with a smile.

That's the spirit. The best of happiness to you both!

• • •

And now, why not carry off a JOHN BULL Crossword cheque yourself? You'll find this week's puzzle on page 36—go in and win!

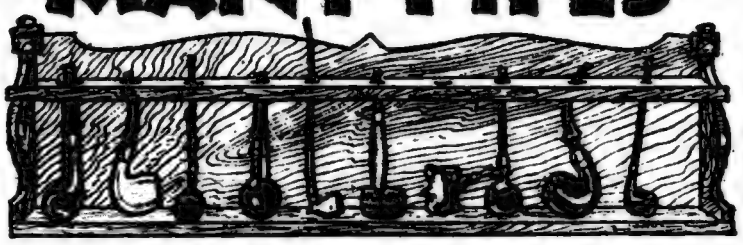
Thirst man out!

And he's won thirst prize for a record thirst-wicket stand. It's lager! It's more than lager—the name is Barclay's. The best of the best summer drink! So when you yourself have a fiery-wicket thirst, make for the nearest marquee and absorb a Barclay's. There's Barclay's light and Barclay's dark, both long cool potations, top-notchers both on any day.

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark — the drink for a lordly thirst

MANY PIPES



BUT ONE TOBACCO

SWEET ROSEMARY

IT'S FAULKNER'S & ITS FRAGRANCE IS ONE LONG *DELIGHT*

R.28

THE HOLIDAY CAMERA

The All-Distance Pocket ENSIGN
37/6

De-Luxe Model No 2 45/-
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Summer holidays are no sort of holiday for cameras. *They* have got to work. Taking snaps in the glare of sun and sea. Taking snaps in the shade of inland woods. Views of distant hills at one moment and close-up snaps of smiling faces the next. But nothing comes amiss to an All-Distance Pocket Ensign. Ready for every sort of photo, light, incredibly easy to load and use—this is the camera specially made for holiday work.

AND THE HOLIDAY FILM

Ensign Films for your holidays! They enter into the spirit of things — not worrying about a little over-exposure on sunny beaches or taking too dark a view of rainy days . . . . When you're on holiday—when you're too busy enjoying yourself to do more than point your camera and press the button—trust to Ensign Films. No matter what make of camera you are using —Ensign Films for happy-go-lucky days!

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Write for the Ensign Guide to Photography—FREE

HOUGHTON-BUTCHER (G.B.) LIMITED
88-89 HIGH HOLBORN W.C.1

THE DANGER OF INDIGESTION

Few people realise that danger lurks behind that seemingly unimportant discomfort after eating. Nevertheless it is true, for nine times out of ten the trouble is caused by excess stomach acid which not only makes food ferment but also attacks the stomach lining and may cause ulceration. You can avoid such danger and promptly stop digestive distress by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises all excess acid, averts fermentation and soothes and heals the inflamed stomach lining. Doctors all over the world recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia because it quickly stops indigestion and removes the insidious cause safely and surely. Ask your chemist for a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia (powder or tablets) and keep yourself free from stomach trouble.

BE YOUR OWN BREWER
and brew
prime non-intoxicating
beer at home with
MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS
A real delicious drink sparkling and thirst quenching—costing less than 6d. per gallon. Buy a 9d. bottle to-day from your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores.
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.
GOOD
it's
Mason's

TRIALS OF MIDDLE AGE.

Every woman approaches middle age with considerable anxiety because she knows this is the time of her life when trivial ailments may be the first signs of serious trials and sufferings to come. Hence she fears for the future and has melancholy forebodings, which are increased when she is attacked by headaches, backaches, lassitude and other distressing weaknesses.

How needless is much of the anxiety and suffering that assail the women approaching middle age! This has been proved by the thousands of happy, virile women who have relied at this time on the health-help given by Dr. Williams' pink pills. To the middle-aged women the chief thing necessary to carry her through years of trial is pure new blood, and there is one important element in these pills which actually creates new blood.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are the one remedy praised by women for women's needs. They carry a woman through the trials of middle age in a most wonderful way, giving her new strength just when she is in need of it.

FREE.—Every woman should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

If you need more exercise

roll your own cigarettes. With A.G papers you will find it light, pleasant and profitable.

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS
The BEST the world produces

Mentholatum for SKIN AILMENTS

How can this lad,

BRANDED *but* INNOCENT,

live down his Reformatory Past?

MISERY, for me, began at the age of eight. I can clearly remember a beautiful home, filled with what I now know to have been luxury. I can remember the kindness of father and mother; my nursery lined with toys. Then evil entered in.

Dad went off with another woman, and mother took to drink to drown her sorrows. Finally, despair seized her and she tried to poison herself, but a neighbour intervened in the nick of time and the tragedy was averted.

For that act mother was hailed before the magistrates and charged with attempted suicide. They listened with sympathy to her story and, putting her in the charge of the probation officer, discharged her.

But they did not consider her fit to have the custody of children, and told her that they would send her son to a home.

Before nightfall I had become an industrial school boy, my outward demeanour calm, but my young soul filled with the most bitter rebellion.

I felt myself cut off from life, marked as "different" through no fault of my own.

Seven long, endless-seeming years went by. I never knew, except on Christmas days, what a really good and satisfying meal was.

The doctrine "You are sent here to be reformed and we're going to do it" was drilled into me, preached into me from the Bible, sung at me through hymns, until I felt more like an automaton than a healthy, normal boy.

The idiotic idea that every childish lapse must be corrected by corporal punishment reigned supreme.

At length came release, and I was launched into the world; sent to work on a farm. Something in my demeanour struck the neighbours, and they would ask who I was, to receive the answer "A reformatory boy."

The name stuck. Making sure I had committed some real crime, people kept on the watch, wherever I went, for fear I should steal something.

By this time my mother was dead, and my bitterness deepened as I saw other fellows with relatives, but I with neither home nor friends.

And so it has been through the years until I find myself at twenty-eight still dogged by other people's mistakes.

I have a good enough job on a farm, but my prospects are not bright. What would you advise me to do to get out of the rut into which circumstances threw me at so early an age?

"HUMANIST" says: Your father may still be alive, and it ought not to be difficult to trace him. If he is in a position to do so, he may be able to give you a new start.

Failing this course, emigrate, or try your luck in another part of the country where your history is not known.

A SONG
of danger

FOR five years I had been happy with a steady-going husband, faithful, but who doesn't even know the meaning of romance.

Now all this is altered. I am a singer, and have always helped out our income by taking engagements.

One night, at a club sing-song, I met a man who elected to play my accompaniments.

We were mutually attracted. His eyes never left my face, and I, thrilled, could not help responding.

I have been meeting this man secretly ever since, and he wants me to leave my husband and go to him.

Now I can realise that I made a great mistake in my marriage, for it interrupted what might have been a brilliant musical career.

Here, with the other, has come the most wonderful chance of retrieving. Together, I am sure, we could go from triumph to triumph.

The man leaves me to decide. He says he loves me dearly, but wants to be fair to my husband, who suspects nothing.

I am leaving my difficult decision to you, though I can't bear to think of what my life will be like if I put romance aside.

"HUMANIST" says: That is because you have not imagination enough to realise what it will be like when you have wrecked your home, lost the love of a good man, and had time to suffer disillusionment.

I judge this young musician to be possessed of rather more commonsense than yourself, so pull up now.

BLACKMAILED
by her lover

ABOUT a year ago a new foreman came to the factory where I am employed. He was a youngish-looking man, and he paid me attention from the first, and eventually asked me to walk out with him.

Believing his word that he was single, I consented. Our friendship developed into love-making, and on one occasion I allowed him to become intimate.

I know now that it was only in a mad moment, for when alone I bitterly repented and actually ceased to have anything more to do with him. Further disillusionment followed, for I learned that he is a married man with two children.

Now he pesters me and threatens that if I do not renew our association on the most intimate footing he will get me the sack.

If it were not for my mother, who is dependent on my earnings, I would throw up my job. But if I "give way" I may be in quite as severe a plight, for if the worst came to the worst he cannot marry me.

But he can, and does, find fault with all my week's work, which is, I suppose, his preliminary way of showing that he means to carry out his threat.

"HUMANIST" says: Inform the works manager of the foreman's behaviour unless you can approach the head of your firm himself.

Conduct of this sort is intolerable in those put over a room full of girls, and you may be perfectly certain that once it is brought to the ears of those in authority not only will it be stopped, but your name protected from scandal.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

SPARE THE ROD
and win the child

MY wife and I pull together in most things, working hard towards the day when we shall be able to better our surroundings.

Only one thing causes me real unhappiness, and that is my wife's attitude to my son's upbringing.

When I correct him—he's a bonny boy of four years—she calls it nagging, and if I spank him, worse happens.

Have I not the right to bring up my son as I please? Is it not my duty to chastise him when he is in the wrong?

"HUMANIST" says: It is your duty to remember that a child of four is a baby. To try to correct such an infant by blows is cowardly and futile.

Win his confidence, and he will "try to please dad" by behaving properly. Above all, do not discuss or squabble over his upbringing in his hearing.

Homely Wisdom — *By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

Switch Points

LOOKING back on life it is strange to note how often the most seemingly trivial happenings lend to great results.

This is admittedly so in the careers of many famous men, but I believe there is hardly anyone of whom the same might not be said.

Oliver Cromwell was on the point of sailing to America when an order came from the King forbidding the ship to leave.

That order changed the history of England; it led ultimately to the execution of the King himself and the temporary establishment of a republic in this country with Cromwell at its head.

"The youthful Ramsay MacDonald"

If Gladstone had not slighted Joseph Chamberlain, Ireland would have had Home Rule forty years ago, and a terrible amount of bloodshed would have been avoided.

It was the death of John Bright's young wife that made him respond in his grief to the call of Richard Cobden to fight for the repeal of the Corn Laws.

It was this struggle that developed him into the greatest orator of his time and turned Great Britain into a Free Trade State.

That which determined the youthful Ramsay MacDonald to forsake teaching and become a public agitator seemed a small thing at the moment, but it has given him the premiership. I have heard more than one account of it; he is the one to tell the story.

Frederick William Robertson, the greatest preacher of the Church of England in modern times, found his vocation through the barking of a dog.

A conversation ensuing therefrom led to friendship with a gentleman who succeeded in persuading him to become a clergyman instead of a soldier.

A man I knew made the most fateful choice of his life by seeing, as he thought, the figure of Christ in the stained-glass window of a church beckoning to him. Later he discovered that the phenomenon was caused by the movement of a branch of a tree outside the window, but the emotion it had excited was the means of inducing him to undertake a work of benefit to thousands.

It would seem that there are no accidents in the provision of our opportunities.

We can resist the guidance and turn it to our hurt, but if we do our best with it we are not left to flounder in the dark or blunder into ruin. As has been fitly said, character is destiny.

There is nothing meaningless, nothing worthless, that happens to us day by day; and the greatest issues may hang on the smallest events.

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What the NEW PARLIAMENT *must do First*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 25.

When the Bread I Cast Returned

IN six months' time the district agreements between coalowners and miners will come to an end.

Parliament ought to insist upon both parties to these agreements getting together and agreeing upon outstanding differences not later than three months from now under penalty of imprisonment.

Every agreement between mineowners and miners has been allowed to run its course before a new settlement has been arrived at, thus making strikes and lock-outs inevitable.

While the men are at work a saner view can be taken of the position than during a struggle.—*T. Kernes, Gloucester.*

Dare They?

Next to the vital question of unemployment, the first thing the new Government should do is to tackle the assurance scandal.

Time after time JOHN BULL has published facts and figures which show how the great companies make millions yearly by swindling the poor.

The new Government should make it compulsory for assurance companies to return a percentage on lapsed policies. Many children's assurance policies are frankly illegal.—*H. R. C., Birmingham.*

A Wide Net

I should forthwith ask Mr. MacDonald to clear the country of every single alien who failed to produce a sound reason for being in it.

Statistics show that an alarming percentage of the financial disasters which occur at an increasing rate in Britain can be laid at the door of some alien or other, usually some unscrupulous bounder out to filch a dishonest living from a country already burdened with distress and difficulty.

The Government must see to it that the hospitality of this country is not trampled on.—*L. Evans, Cheshire.*

Directors' "Perks"

The new Parliament must take immediate steps to examine a system which allows rating relief to prosperous employers and permits them to pay sweated wages.

Here amongst the small firms of the Black Country the evil is very evident.

Employers are showing losses or paying minute dividends, and, apart from drawing huge salaries as directors, are also setting down their private extravagances to that item on their books termed "miscellaneous."

This usually covers such expenditure as running their private cars and paying for their private household repairs. No wonder the companies lose money.—*E. M., Birmingham.*

Cottages for Hodge

It is time that Parliament turned to housing in rural districts. In many villages, usually entirely owned by the lord of the manor, there has not been a house built for years.

When there is a vacant house the rent is promptly raised, and the lower-paid workmen, such as gardeners and roadmen, have to compete for it with factory-workers and tradesmen from the neighbouring towns who earn twice as much money.

The Government should see that houses are built at once, and let to workmen earning not more than a given wage, and preferably those with families.—*W. H. Finch, Maldon.*

Their Springtime

The first thing the new Government ought to do is to pass legislation preventing boys of fourteen being employed in the mines.

It is pitiful to see such young children, some badly nourished, being sent to earn their bread amidst the many dangers and foul air of the mines.

Poor boys, they are turned out in the early hours of the morning, when they ought to be in bed enjoying the rest so essential to children so young.

A Bill should be passed preventing anyone under sixteen from being employed in the mines.—*A. B., Rhos.*

Will to Peace

One of the main jobs for the new Parliament will be to implement the national will for disarmament and peace.

Hitherto what seems to have been lacking was the determined spirit even to take chances in securing the fulfilment of the pronounced ideal of all nations.

Our nation must take the lead and cast off the trammels of "experts," whose unfortunate slogan, "Safety First," will never break the vicious circle of ever-increasing armament expenditure, which not only delays indefinitely the longed-for trade revival, but inevitably increases the danger of war between the peace-loving peoples of the world.—*Wm. Henderson, Belfast.*

Clean Up Elections

The new Parliament must pass an Election Bill to provide some form of proportional representation; to demand the public audit of Party funds; to abolish free conveyance to the polls except to the infirm, and to limit further the amount spent on election expenses.—*C. F. C., Hants.*

Let in the Air

The first task of the new Parliament is to build open-air nursery-schools throughout the kingdom, on the pattern of Margaret Macmillan's school at Deptford.

If the child is the father of the man, and if Great Britain is still to be an A1 nation, our present Parliament must see that the children are taught in buildings where the sun and fresh air can penetrate every corner.

Our present elementary school buildings are lodging-houses for germs and disease.—*Lover of Children, Llanelly.*

A Safe Bet

I want a revision of the present law regarding betting. If, as is stated by social reformers, the betting habit is prejudicial to the nation's progress and stability, it must be further restricted by law.

If, on the other hand, betting is considered innocuous and "a Briton's privilege," then the present niggling and chaotic conditions must be amended.

But it is the duty of the Government to define a policy, and establish a workable and legalised attitude, on the subject.—*Tom Wilberforce, Berks.*

* * *

Letters in Little

The new Parliament must at once take action in the scandal of the Ry Disaster Fund.—*Ernest Smalley, Leicester.*

"Raise houses, raze slums" should be the national slogan.—*F. A. C., Newcastle.*

Why do members of the Labour Party confine their singing efforts to the "Red Flag." They should remember that the Union Jack is as much the property of the proletariat as of the alleged better-class.—*H. C. P., Birmingham.*

My husband is a pastrycook, and works twelve or fourteen hours every day. His only recreation is a walk on Sunday. — *Still Hopeful, Chadwell Heath.*

A well-known Nottingham firm pays sixpence to make a posh tennis-frock.—*Justice, Notts.*

I am an apprentice in my third year and work fifty-eight hours, sometimes more, for the princely sum of 10s. 3d. per week.—*Small Wage, Fife.*

For a woman over the age of twenty one to have to give her exact age at the employment exchange in many cases prevents her obtaining work.—*Mrs. Tim, Dover.*

It is time that a great army of women workers, the nurses, had an eight-hour day, instead of working for twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours, with a two-hour break.—*Nurse M. L., London.*

M.P.s who neglect their duty at Westminster should not only have part of their salary deducted, but should be made to understand that the electorate which pays them £8 a week expects them to earn it.—*R., Durham.*

At present any foreign ships can ply between British ports with British cargoes with impunity; yet our foreign competitors severely restrict their own coasting trade to their own ships.—*Alexander L. Monk, London, S.E.*

It would be wise to remove a few of the irritating "Thou shalt not" laws and give us a little more freedom.—*Bullitie, Brighouse.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now for the Hat-Trick

Mr. D. Peacock, of Middleham

THE Pitmen's Derby, as the Northumberland Plate is popularly known, has shed much of its glory in recent years, but it is still a great race to the "Geordies."

Newcastle will be on holiday next week. The lusty roar which always greets the winner will have an added ring if Dobson Peacock captures the race for the sixth time and the third year in succession.

Twelve months ago the Squire of Middleham won with a cast-off from the famous Manton stable, Primrose League, and in '27 with Border Minstrel.

On this occasion he may run three—Polyanthus, Pomagne and Clinton Lass—and he is quite likely to win with either of the two P's.

Peacock is a wonderful veteran. His birthday comes once every four years, February 29, and according to the jesting wires he receives, he is still in his "teens." Actually, he is turned seventy and has charge of over seventy horses.

A stable of this size means hard work from early morn to dewy eve.

Peacock has turned out many excellent jockeys. At one time Donoghue was numbered among his apprentices, but "Steve" had a roving disposition and moved on.

Code selections are still going strong. Arran Beg, Fingle, Bridge and Pennycomequick showed a nice winning balance at Epsom. Royal Lad carried on the good work at Birmingham.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 20, to Wednesday, June 26, and will then be revised.

C B P G W J E K 3 9 I S H R N
X 5 V Y F D O M A T L U 7 Q Z

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be, MZLY79EW97OYQ3LI would read KNIGHT OF THE GRAIL.

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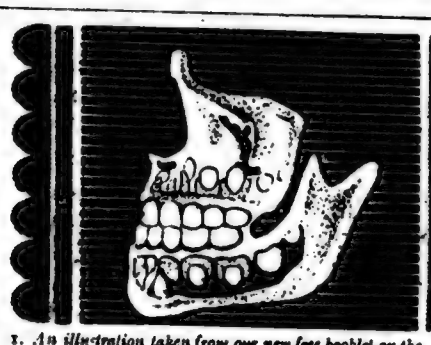
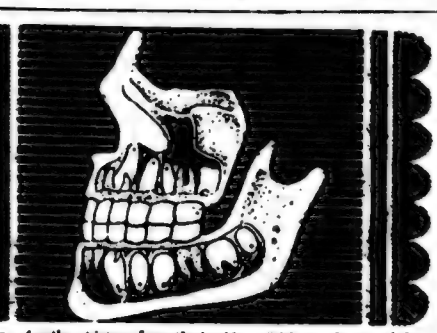


1. *An illustration taken from our new free booklet on the care of teeth. It appears in full colour and indicates the position of the teeth in a five-years old child.*



1. *Another picture from the booklet. This too, is one of the eight colour plates printed there. It shows the teeth of a nine-years old child.*

HOW HUMAN TEETH GROW

Twenty years are required for the full development of the teeth. Any neglect during that period, and especially during the life-time of the first or milk teeth, may lead to displacement which results in disfigurement and needless suffering.

In our new booklet on "The Teeth and Their Care" you will find much helpful advice on dental welfare. Tracing, as it does, the growth of the teeth from pre-natal times to the full formation, it will prove invaluable to mothers and those who have the early development of teeth in their care. A copy will gladly be sent to you on receipt of 1½d. stamp to cover postage. To avoid disappointment, send to-day.

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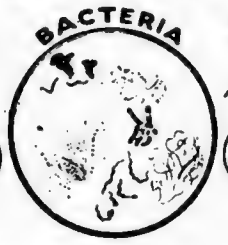

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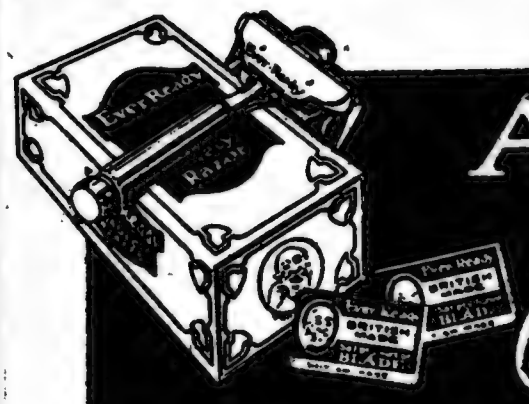

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CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JUNE 27th.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 4th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 11th.

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"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 18, which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence TWO attempts. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), June 27th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 15 appears on page 16.

Clues Across

1. To enlarge.
5. A play.
8. Weird.
9. Train a horse.
11. Wooden pin.
13. Flat fish.
14. Base.
15. Hasty.
17. Stray.
19. Test.
20. Lovers' quarrel.
22. Grotesque.
23. Glandular.
26. Mark of a wound.
27. Foot and leg joint.
29. A bowl.
30. To precede.
31. To tease.
32. Parent.

Clues Down

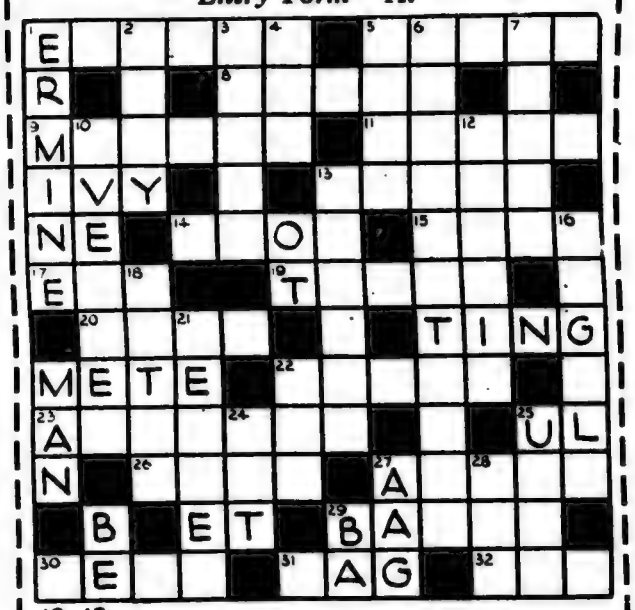
2. Small.
3. Nigger.
4. Expire.
5. Flat round object.
6. Indemnity.
7. Cantankerous animals.
10. Prevented.
12. Sloping type.
13. A beach.
16. Argue in bargaining.
18. Ceremonies.
21. Enclosed by a railing.
22. The atmosphere.
24. A cereal.
25. Forearm bone.
28. Young goat.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

JOHN BULL

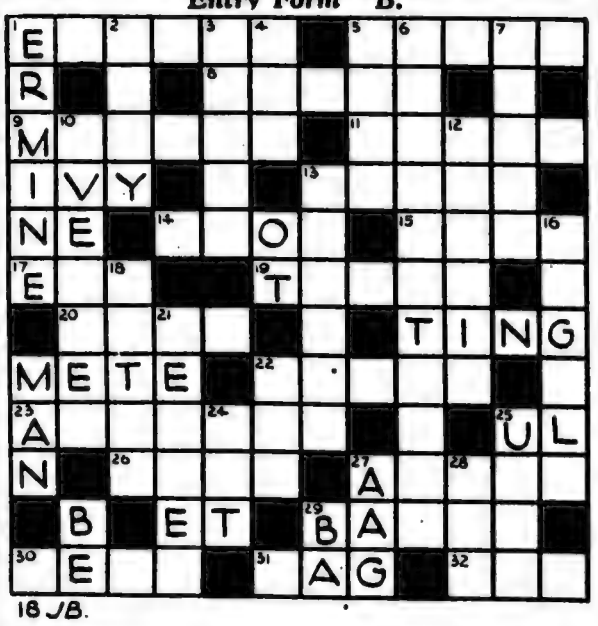
CROSSWORD No 18.

Entry Form "A."



18 JB

Entry Form "B."



18 JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No._____

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

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CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON), JUNE 27th.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 18),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, June 27th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and crossed "& Co.", and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address, of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 11th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, July 16th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

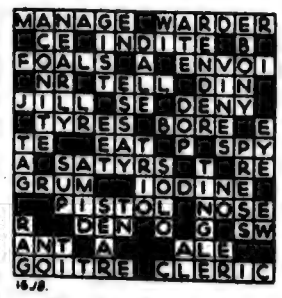
12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 16.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 16 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.



18 JB.

Result will be published next week.

When CHILDREN HUNGER

LITTLE six-year-old Grace came to the office of "The Greatest of These—" Fund with her mother, who was in despair because she had not the necessary one-and-threepence to pay for her own and the child's lodging at one of the Cecil Houses recently opened in London for homeless women.

Grace can't remember her father, an ex-Service man, who lost his right eye in the war, because for the last three years he has been in a lunatic asylum.

Grace

His wife receives 5s. a week pension, which is all she has. Her home was broken up some weeks ago, for she could not keep it up on this sum.

She has also lost her right eye, due to an attack of measles in childhood, and, on this account, she finds it difficult to get work.

Her boy of eleven is subject to fits, and has been in hospital for the last four or five months.

Grace and her mother are given a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter when they leave Cecil House in the morning, and there are days when this has to suffice them until eight o'clock in the evening, when they are re-admitted and receive a cup of tea and a biscuit each.

The reason Grace was visiting our office when she should have been at school was because she had no shoes.

The case is a sad one, and if our readers can help by subscribing to the fund, they will bring happy smiles to a child's face, who should not know all that Grace knows about hunger and weariness.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Smith, 4d.; In loving memory of Victor, 1s. 3d.; W. Target, 1s.; M. E., 1s.; T. D. (Colne), 1s.; Mrs. N. Neafsey, 5s.; Old Joe (Redcar), 2s.; Mrs. Knott, 2s. 6d.; A. Stroud, 1s.; Dobber, 5s.; Anon., 2s.; D. J. J. (Merthyr), 6d.; T. D., 2s.; Misfit and Square Peg, 6d.; Best Wishes (Runton), 1s.; E. Moody (Wallsend-on-Tyne), 7s.; F. H. Lawrence (Forton), 2s. 10d.; Mrs. E. Tye, 2s.; Mrs. E. F. Wright, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Sweetman, 1s.; J. R. Millwater (H.M.S. "Warspite"), 4s. 9d.; Mrs. B. Douglas (South Croydon), 5s.; Geoffrey-in-Haddon (Iver), 5s.; F. James (Wolverhampton), 5s.; A. F. Mason, 17s. 6d.; Farm Carter, 1s.; Anon. (Burnley and Nelson), 1s.; Anon. (Dundee), 2s.; J. Dean (Gateshead), 6d.; Mr A. Page, 5s.; R. C. H. (Poplar), 1s.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 2s. 6d.; Lent S. D., 6s.; M. S., 1s.; S. A. G., 1s.; Fourth Whist Win, 1s. 6d.; Cholo, £5; J. Williams (Griffithstown), 2s.; In Debt, 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; A Sympathiser (S. T. R.), 1s.; "333" S. H., 2s.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s.; ?.X., 10s.; Spes Infracta, 2s. 6d.; Thankful (Bradford), 1s. 6d.; Odd Coppers, 5s.; Workmates per E. B. (Frome), 8s. 8d.; Share of Small Income, 2s.; Joseph Almond (Prescot), 1s. 6d.; H. M., 9d.; Balasch, 1s.; E. C., 4s.; Yorkshire, 5s.; L. G., 6d.; Jewie, 5s; Thankful (Peel Green), 10s.; Mrs. Breingan, 1s.; Leonard Fisher, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Happy Mother of Five (Bedford), 6d.; "?" 3s. 6d.; J. W. Cooper (Gipsyville), 2s.; Anon. (Southport), 2s. 6d.; T. C. M. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; Emily, 6d.; Anon., 2s.; J. Gillespie, 1s. 6d.; W. J. Evans (Birmingham), 6d.; J. W., 1s.; Anon. (Bournemouth), 5s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. W. (Wigan), Mrs. W. F. Middleditch, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Smith (Grays), Mrs. Whittaker (perambulator), Widower (Acton), A *John Bull* Baby, A Mother of Four, Mr. James Finch (Edgware).

(Many acknowledgements unavoidably held over.)

A CERTAIN WINNER

Turn over the page opposite and read all about JOHN BULL'S great Free Insurance Gift—then take advantage of what it offers, and never worry again.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

T. M. (Staines.—"The speed-fiend must go." But need he go so fast?

H. D. (Mortlake).—"I shall probably blow in to see you next week." Blow!

F. H. (Thornhill).—"When does a man get the freedom of the city?" When his wife goes away for a holiday.

D. S. (Taunton).—"Her mouth looks like a rose-bud." But rose-buds are always closed.

H. C. (Dartford).—"I have decided to become a vegetarian." Won't the butcher give you further credit?

G. D. (Bath).—"We should learn how to make the most of life." By the time we have learnt, most of it has gone.

G. C. H. (Wembley).—"The first alcohol ever distilled was Arabian." That may explain those nights.

K. M. (Clapham).—"Most of the girls of to-day aren't as black as they are painted." Nor as pink.

R. B. (Kew).—"I have often tried very hard to make my mind a blank." Be ambitious; try something more difficult.

D. E. (Goole).—"My uncle altered his will four times." A fresh heir fiend, evidently.

H N. (Acton).—"My wife doesn't know I am sending you this article; it is a secret." We can't keep a secret like that.

STUDENT (Ipswich).—"The kangaroo mother can carry its young in a pouch." But it can't hand over the pram to daddy.

P. D. (Wisbech).—"A million germs can live on the head of a match." It seems a funny sort of diet.

Miss S. C. (Petworth).—"I don't like coy curates." Do you prefer arch deacons?

MAISIE (Eastbourne).—"I shall cling to my youth as long as possible." Until you fall off the pillion-seat, you mean.

C M. (Bispham).—"My hobbies are angling and wood-carving." Fish and chips.

H. O. (Peterboro.).—"Is hot summer weather good for trade?" It certainly makes things hum.

V. D. (Ely).—"A caddie should be dumb when a player is taking a shot." And deaf when he misses it.

P. A. (Bootle).—"We had a most serious domestic explosion." Caused by an old flame, no doubt.

L. R. (Salop).—"I have sent my wife away for a long rest." No doubt you need it.

N. K. (Leeds).—"The average girl loves to go to the kinema." The majority seem to go to the kinema to love.

B. N. (Oxford).—"Fashions are getting more and more daring." Even the colours nowadays are guaranteed fast.

G. E. (Farnham).—"Talkies will revolutionise the world." They certainly make one man's word as bad as another's.

S. O. (Plaistow).—"I refuse to do my son's home-work." It certainly wouldn't be right.

C. I. (Jarrow).—"Many novels nowadays are a positive incentive to crime." That's why so many authors live abroad.

E. G. (Harrow).—"Married people are all the same." Yet they all have their differences.

F. M. (Nantwich).—"He wears very loud clothes." Turn a deaf ear to his suit.

L. C. (Deptford).—"Most men play golf to keep themselves fit." For playing golf?

JACK (Wigan).—"I hate her to use so much lip-stick." Does it make you skid?

S. A. (Bolton).—"The Englishman with well-cut features is disappearing." Yes, most men nowadays use safety razors.

J. D. (Boroughbridge).—"Fashion experts say that curves and plump figures are coming back." If so, women have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

H. B. (Wraysbury).—"If all the Prohibitionists in England were piled together, they would not fill a duck pond." Maybe not, but it would be worth trying.

S. R. (Cheltenham).—"Are you coming to drink the waters here?" Thanks—we can always make a decoction of steel nibs and stale eggs at home, if we ever want to.

HORTICULTURIST. (Beckenham).—"I found a lily growing on the top of my garden wall." That's nothing—we found a rose on the spout of our watering-can.

R. P. (Ipswich).—"If we are to believe an American scientist, doctors will soon be able to add inches to everyone's height." Yes—we get a lot of tall stories from America, don't we?

CRICKETER (Eastbourne).—"Batsmen will be obliged to play a much livelier game in front of this new wider and higher wicket." The question is how long they will be able to keep it up.

C. W. (Lichfield).—"The wretched cats prevent the things I have planted in my garden from coming up." On the contrary, they make the things we plant come up almost immediately.

. . . Do you mean that the boss gave you the sack with gusto?

G. V. (Mayfair).—"Millionaires are rarely perfect." They leave much to be desired.

HORACE (Hampstead).—"What is the first essential for an editor?" A waste-paper basket.

Mrs. F. (Greenford).—"Riddles have gone out of fashion." But some of you ladies still get us guessing.

JACK G. (Hounslow).—"One of these days we shall have a free fight." You may be charged in court next morning.

D. C. (Amersham).—"I have decided to leave England." Our country deserves all that we can do for her.

T. R. (Teddington).—"What can a woman want with so many frocks?" Hats to go with them.

D. C. (Whitby).—"Too many of us are fond of people who simply agree with us." And of food that doesn't.

Mrs. S. (Worthing).—"What do you think of ladies' bathing suits this year?" They're not much to look at.

F. R. (Swansea).—"My new car is a baby." You mean it never goes out without a rattle.

H. F. (Grimsby).—"She is as pretty as a picture." Maybe she is handicapped by an ugly frame of mind.

M. S. (Banff).—"Modern explorers are rarely swallowed up in the wilds." Due no doubt to the awful slump in the cannibal business.

M. J. (Kettering).—"I dreamt that I was being gassed." Perhaps your wife was talking in her sleep.

J. V. (Bognor).—"Rate collectors are good judges of character." Yes, they find most people out.

Mrs. P. (Pewsey).—"What can I do to make my husband stay at home at night?" Go out.

S. R. (Abingdon).—"I don't like the new stamps." You'll have to stick them.

G. R. (Clapham).—"Nothing is ever lost through politeness." What about a man's seat in a crowded train?

F. S. (Hornsey).—"I don't believe half I see in print." Judging from your spelling, that must include what you see in the dictionary.

T. N. (Liskeard).—"A woman won't look at a man who hasn't any money." Not until she is married to one who has.

R. P. (Oldham).—"A writer must have imagination." Yes, in the first place he must imagine that someone is going to read what he writes.

F. F. (Sunbury).—"I lost my train and had a row with the boss." Go for the "Bullets" £3,000 this week and you may soon be your own boss.

A. W. T. (Nuneaton).—"Is it worth while trying to improve things?" Yes. It's better to try something and fail than to try nothing and succeed.

M. V. (Banstead).—"I can prove that lipsticks carry microbes." That doesn't impress us much. Now if you could prove that microbes carried lipsticks, it might be interesting.

ACTOR (Bloomsbury).—"She said that her terms were from thirty shillings up." And when you told her your profession, we suppose she altered them to thirty shillings down.

C. T. (Calshot).—"I have invented a flying bicycle." Now if someone will make motor-cars that fly we may have some chance to get across the street alive.

M. (Hammersmith).—"What changed 'charwoman' into 'charlady,' I wonder?" Whatever it was that changed "lodger" into "paying-guest."

H. L. (Frimley).—"What is the best fire preventive?" The price of coal.

M. E. (Appleby).—"Iced barley-water is the best of all summer drinks." That won't go down with us.

W. P. (East Ham).—"What do you think I've been doing since I wrote to you three months ago?" Three months.

M. K. (Ramsgate).—"If you give the modern girl an inch, she'll take a yard." And make a dress out of it.

G. E. (Millom).—"The best way to be happy is to trust people." We must impress this upon our tailor.

B. Q. (Edgware).—"When an author becomes popular, his work deteriorates." What a lot of popular authors we have!

B. Y. (Broadstairs).—"What is England's finance coming to?" We can only say that it isn't coming to us.

L. P. (Acton).—"I am at a loss to know which horse to back." You will probably be at a loss whatever you back.

E. J. Y. (Clapham).—"I am trying to invent a telegraph pole that will withstand the impact of a car travelling at forty-five miles per hour." It would be better to make one that will jump out of the way.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

H. F. (Han'ey).—"I was fired with enthusiasm" . . .

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. (Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2 6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

PEG'S PAPER:—"'Sweetheart,' he implored, 'for heaven's sake don't say that I have killed you."

BELFAST NEWS: —"Approximately seventy UNEMPLOYED men are at present ENGAGED in the work."

NORTH WEST STORIES:—"Tall, pale of face, garbed in sombre BLACK EYES; his eyes SLATE-COLORED under black brows."

POPPY'S PAPER:—"He kissed her HEART."

THE DAILY EXPRESS:—"TEN drunken men were found there, and EIGHT were under the influence of liquor."

THE FILM WEEKLY:—"His two cars, including the fat and prosperous-looking imported Mercedes, his piano, his wireless set and his BUTLER have all been packed in crates."

EASTERN DAILY EXPRESS:—"Eggs 1s. 11d. TON, 2s. 5d. PER SCORE."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A month's IMPROVEMENT was the sentence passed on Patrick Craig at Gateshead Police Court to-day."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"It has been arranged to have a MID-MONTHLY market on the FIRST MONDAY in every month."

DUNDEE FREE PRESS:—"The lessons to be drawn from the Election will be BADLY dealt with in next week's *Free Press*."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"I have TEN horses left, and I think they will occupy the FIRST THREE PLACES."

MY WEEKLY:—"They STARE at me so with their great HORNS."

The Fruits of Experience.

KIA-ORA
LEMON ORANGE

The reasons why Kia-Ora Lemon and Orange Squashes and Crushes and Grape Fruit Crush are so much superior to other brands the secret lies in the blending and selecting of the right kinds of Lemons and Oranges. The Manufacturers of Kia-Ora have had 20 years' experience of this and know the best districts in which to buy the fruit, the right times to buy and how to blend the juice with sugar in the correct proportions.

A large bottle makes from 25 to 30 glasses. Simply mix with water —Cold or Hot.

Lemon and Orange 1/1 and 2/- per bottle, Grape Fruit Crush 2/4, at all Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants and Chemists.

Kia-Ora Ltd., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, and Australia.

SWING HIGH SWING LOW but Beware!

Innocent looking amusements that often end in tragedy.

Bobby is a cunning young rascal. He stands on the back of his swing and calls it proudly his "Two Seater."

He doesn't realise how precarious is his perch—a slip, just as the swing mounts higher and higher, and Bobby may fracture a leg or worse.

But JOHN BULL in its wisdom has included Children's Accidents within the scope of its Great Free Family Insurance, and many are the "Bobbies" between the ages of six and sixteen whose parents have received a cheque.

"I thank you for cheque in settlement of my son's unfortunate accident, first because it will be something to put by for him, and, second, because it will confound the critics who do not believe in free insurance."

The above is just a typical letter received by JOHN BULL from a grateful father—Mr. H. J. Poulton, 110, Sibley Grove, Manor Park, E.12.

Do *your* kiddies swing in the garden, play rough-and-tumble games and risk their frail young limbs? Are *they* covered under our Free Family Insurance? If not, sign the forms below now.

"JOHN BULL" CHEQUES *for* CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

We give below the names of a few only of those who have each received cheques of £3 on account of Children's Accidents.

BARNSLEY, Yorks.—Mrs. A. Owen, 38, Pontefract Road.
Nr. BOLTON, Lancs. Mrs. R. Johnson, 12, Hartley Street, Horwich.
By BONNYBRIDGE.—Mr. R. Young, Auchinclock, Banknock.
By BONNYBRIDGE, Sterlingshire.—Mr. M Chapman, Auchinloch.
BRISTOL. Mrs. F. Sowden, 89, Hayward Road, Redfield.
BURNLEY, Lancs. Mrs. F. E. Dewhurst, 11, Sandhurst Street.
CARDENDEN, Fife. Mrs. R. Crichton, 5, Cross 17th Street, Bowhill.
CATON, Lancs. Mr. S. B. Hallewell, Loynelands, Brookhouse Road, Woodlands.
CONWAY. Mr. O. Edwards, The Hawthorns.
EAST HAM, E.6. Mrs. G. Straker, 24, St. Olaves Road.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE. Mr. W. Downes, 9, Wolesley Street, Teams.
GLASGOW. Mrs. E. Blackwood, 26, Hawthorn Quadrant.
GLYNNEATH, Glam. Mr. J. C. Richards, Linley, Whitting Street.
HINDLEY GREEN, Lancs. Mr. R. Bond, 621, Alexandra Hotel, Swan Lane.
HONITON. Mr. F. Lovering, Parr Cottage, Feniton.
KING'S LYNN. Mrs. W. J. Jarrod, Crimpleham.
LANCASTER. Mr. J. C. Nuttall, 7, Norfolk Street.
Nr. LEICESTER. Mr. W. Sutton, 8, Glen Gate, South Wigston.
LEEDS. Mrs. L. Balderson, 50, Sunnybank, Howdenclough Road, Burntcliffe.
LEEDS. Mr. S. W. Robinson, 112, Shepherd's Lane, Roundhay.
LEVEN, Fife. Mr. T. M. Burt, 35, Durward Street.
LOUGHBOROUGH, Leics.—Mr. W. Cooper, 3, Mill Road, Woodhouse Eaves.
MELTON CONSTABLE, Norfolk.—Mr. W. Cooper, Edgefield.
MILE END, E.1. Mrs. D. Brett, 19, St. Peter's Road.
MIDDLESBROUGH. Mr. W. Davis, 64, Morris Street, N. Ormesby.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. R. Durant, 85, Nth Ormesby Road.
MILFORD HAVEN, Pembs. Mr. A. J. Kersey, 20, Greville Road.
MORTLAKE, S.W.14. Mr. J. W. Sears, 10, Waldeck Terrace.
NELSON, Lancs. Mr. H. P. Horsfield, 21, Ann Street.
NEWPORT, Mon. Mr. E. Knowles, 25, Capel Cre cent.
PLYMOUTH. Mr. A. G. James, 1, Orchard Road, Swilley.
RAWTENSTALL, Lancs. Mrs. M. A. Wilson, 369, Burnley Road.
ROCK FERRY, Cheshire. Mr. J. P. Noon, 2, The Dell.
SALTCOATS, Ayrshire. Mrs. S. Reid, 97, Canal Street.
SHOEBURYNESS. Mr. H. Burnell, 4, High Street.
TORQUAY. Mr. H. C. Perry, 21, Kenwyn Road.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS. Mr. W. C. Drury, 122, Silverdale Road.
WINCHESTER. Mrs. N. Clewer, 3, St. Catherine's Road.

HOLIDAYS. To remain qualified for the benefits readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & CHILDREN'S BENEFITS

CUT HERE

Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 22 6 29

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 22 6 29

What Would *You* Do?

Mr. Carner won £8 a week for life.

Mr. Stubbs keeps chickens on £2,500.

Mrs. Smith's "Bullet" brought her £2,500.

What Fortune has Brought to Big "Bullets" Winners

THE old magician, with wand, whiskers and an air of mystery, is dead—the modern magician is a Post Office youth on a bicycle, with a telegram from Long Acre in his pouch.

Come with us and see how ordinary workaday folk like yourself are faring under the spell of that magic message—"You have been awarded 'Bullets' First Prize . . ."

First, let us make our way to Darley Dale, on the outskirts of beautiful Matlock.

There, at his brand-new bungalow home, christened "Meadow View," we find Mr. A. Stubbs, once a cobbler in Granby Road, Bakewell; now the proud owner of a flourishing little poultry-farm of his own.

"When I received my £2,500 cheque from JOHN BULL," he said, recalling the circumstances of his success to our representative, "I began developing my boot-repairing business with up-to date machinery.

"I was getting along splendidly, but my health failed, so I bought this land out here and built this bungalow."

LET us leave Mr. Stubbs, healthy and happy amongst his chickens, and journey South to see what £2,000 has done for Mr. H. G. Smith, an engineer, who was living at 10, Wimbourne Road, Nottingham, at the time of his big "Bullets" success.

To-day we find him in an up-to-date villa at 107, Allington Avenue, Nottingham, with a garage close by.

"JOHN BULL certainly solved the housing problem for me," he said, proudly displaying his trim new home and furniture to our representative.

"'Bullets' has also enabled me to give my girl a better education than would have been possible otherwise—and, as you see, I've taken up motoring now!"

"Keep at it," he advises those who envy his good fortune. "Study the prize-winners' 'Bullets' and yours will soon be amongst them."

Useless now to seek Mr. J. W. Dolphin at his old address, 63, Duncan Street, Rotherham.

His £4,000 Prize in "Bullets" last autumn has carried off the Dolphin family to a new and healthier life in a house, with a garden, at Bradgate Lane, Kimberworth, a rural suburb of Rotherham.

"I've realised my greatest ambition," he said, with an air of complete content. "Here I am with my growing family in a house of my own. There's a bit of land, too, where I can have a decent garden and keep a few fowls."

And soon, when the colliery at which he has been employed is working regularly again, Mr. Dolphin will be another "Bullets" winner without a care in the world.

Finally, to wind up this brief tour of happy "Bullets" homes, we will call on Mr. T. Simmonds, of the Ex-Service Oil Stores, St. Andrew's Street South, Bury St. Edmunds.

Five years ago, Mr. Simmonds managed to borrow enough money to begin an oilman's business. It was a struggle to keep going, but that was better than the absolute penury to which the war had reduced him. Then came his £1,000 cheque from "Bullets."

"I've paid back that money," he said with satisfaction, "secured these premises, equipped my shop, and I've bought a delivery van to do my rounds.

"My son goes to a secondary school, there are home comforts for us all and a sense of security we've never enjoyed before.

"And not least of my prized possessions is my bull-terrier—he reminds me of what a true friend JOHN BULL has been to me."

* * *

DWELL on these true stories of care and poverty dispelled—these miracles wrought simply by writing a few words upon a "Bullets" coupon. "*If* only *I* could win a big cheque to end my troubles!" you soon find yourself saying.

Well, why not?

Over on your right a golden "Bullets" castle towers into the clouds. That stronghold must soon fall to the best-aimed "Bullet," and the spoils of victory will be the sensational amount of £3,000, besides seventy other big prizes for those who follow in the fight.

Three Thousand Pounds is a mighty sum for somebody, and it might as well be you!

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed __ & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 717 will be displayed in the window of Mr. B. Parsons, 60, Marine Street, Cwm, Mon.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3, and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 721 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

BRING YOUR CASTLE IN THE AIR DOWN TO EARTH
HUGE 'BULLETS' 1st AND SEVENTY HOLIDAY PRIZES
'BULLETS' MONSTER PRIZE
£3000
SECOND PRIZE £200
THIRD PRIZE £50
2120 other cash prizes to be posted Wed. July 24
20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £6
50 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5
50 of 10/- 2000 of 2/6 10000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO WIN £3,000

MAKING *Bullets* is simplicity itself and many readers have secured cash prizes at the first attempt. Why shouldn't you be amongst the winners in this mighty contest—*Why not the £3,000 winner?*

All you have to do is this; choose one of the *Examples* given and add any TWO, THREE OR FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. For instance, were you to choose the *Example* SPIRIT OF HATRED—the added words LET NATIONS PROHIBIT *That*—would make a *Bullet*.

Read the article facing this page—then go ahead with your efforts to win £3,000 or one of the seventy big Holiday Prizes.

"BULLETS" BULLETIN. Any reader can obtain a FREE COPY of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, on application, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to "John Bull" brings 12 consecutive issues post free. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 721

RAMSAY MACDONALD
GREEN WITH ENVY
SUMMER
PARTY WALLS
TO THE SEA
MIGHT BE WORTH WHILE
THE COMMON PEOPLE
CASTLE IN THE AIR
QUIET LIFE
IDEAL WOMAN
ALL DAY LONG
PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET
VEIL OF SECRECY
HITTING
QUITE ALL RIGHT
TRADE THERMOMETER
IF IT HADN'T RAINED
WORD TO THE WISE
NOW, MR. WEATHER CLERK
THE DEATH PENALTY
HER IDEA OF LOVE
SPIRIT OF HATRED
ON LIFE'S RAILWAY
SUNSHINE OF PROSPERITY
LEAN TIMES
THE ROYAL ROAD
HUMAN BEINGS
NEVER RETURNS
A THUNDERBOLT
EVERYBODY'S HOPING
SOMEHOW OR OTHER
TOO RISKY
REAL PROGRESS
ABOVE ALL
FOR A GOOD TIME
STABLE COMPANIONS
MISSING A LOT
IN AND OUT
JUST
THE WORLD'S WORK

ENTRY FEE. You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See rules on page 38.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address _____

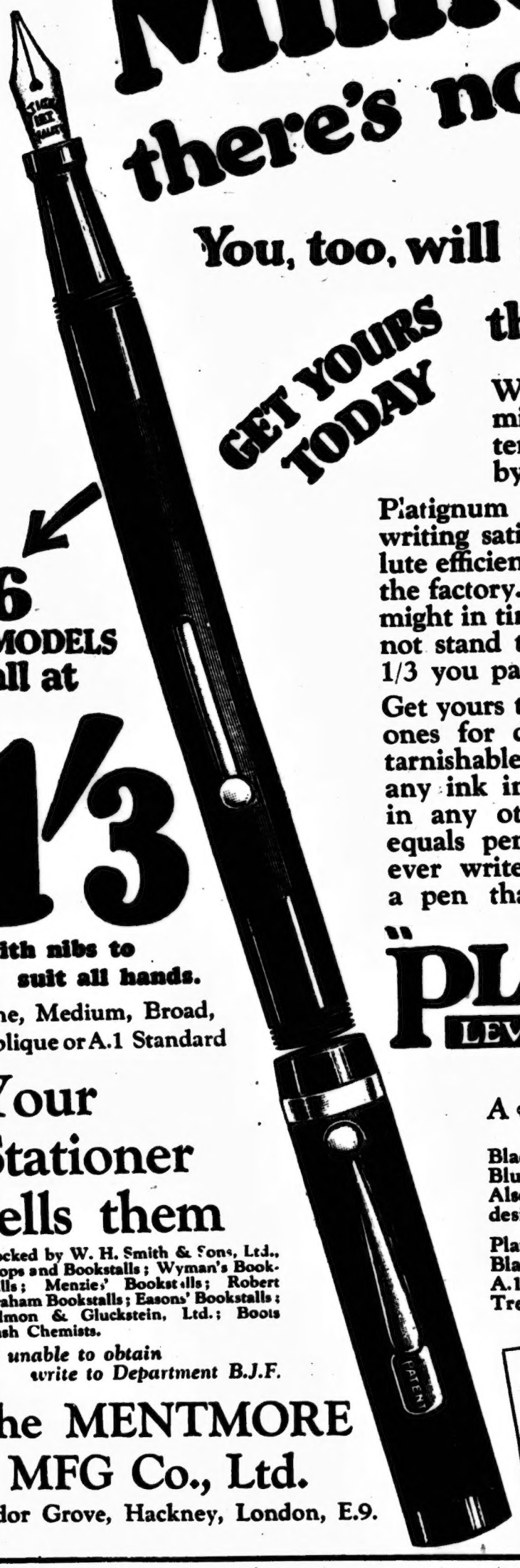
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. Address _____

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 721, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Millions say there's no pen writes so well!

You, too, will find PLATIGNUM the best you ever used!



6 MODELS all at 1/3

With nibs to suit all hands.

Fine, Medium, Broad, Oblique or A.1 Standard

GET YOURS TODAY

WITHIN six months of their introduction three million people were using Platignum Pens. To-day ten million have been sold, and all the users swear by this low-priced superb writing instrument.

Platignum Pens are guaranteed to give each user 100% writing satisfaction. There is no qualification to their absolute efficiency. Each pen must "pass muster" before it leaves the factory. Each is tested to remove the slightest fault that might in time mar its perfection. No pen is passed that will not stand tests applied to pens that cost many times the 1/3 you pay for your Platignum.

Get yours to-day. Many people buy several, using different ones for different coloured inks. Its non-corrodible, untarnishable nib gives many years of faultless service with any ink in any climate. The ink capacity is greater than in any other pen of like size. In every way this pen equals pens costing many times its price. Everyone who ever writes should write with a Platignum. 1/3 only for a pen that lasts a lifetime! BUY SEVERAL NOW.

"PLATIGNUM" LEVER SELF FILLER as good as gold!

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If unable to obtain write to Department B.J.F.

The MENTMORE MFG Co., Ltd.

Tudor Grove, Hackney, London, E.9.

A wide range of Platignum Pens awaits your choice.

Black (as illustrated), Tan, Triple Wave (Regd), and Blue, Green and Yellow, unchased polished models. Also the A.1. Standard Platignum, with specially designed nib to suit all hands. **1/3**

Platignum Senior, a larger pen with larger nib. In Black Chased, Lapis Blue, Jade Green and Red Marbled. A.1. Major, similar to the A.1. Standard, but larger. Treble ink capacity and larger specially designed nib. **2/6**

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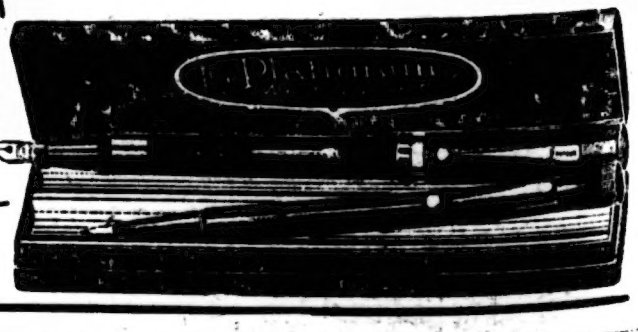
Consisting of any one of the 1/3 Platignum Pens and a Platignum Pencil to match.



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The Sketch

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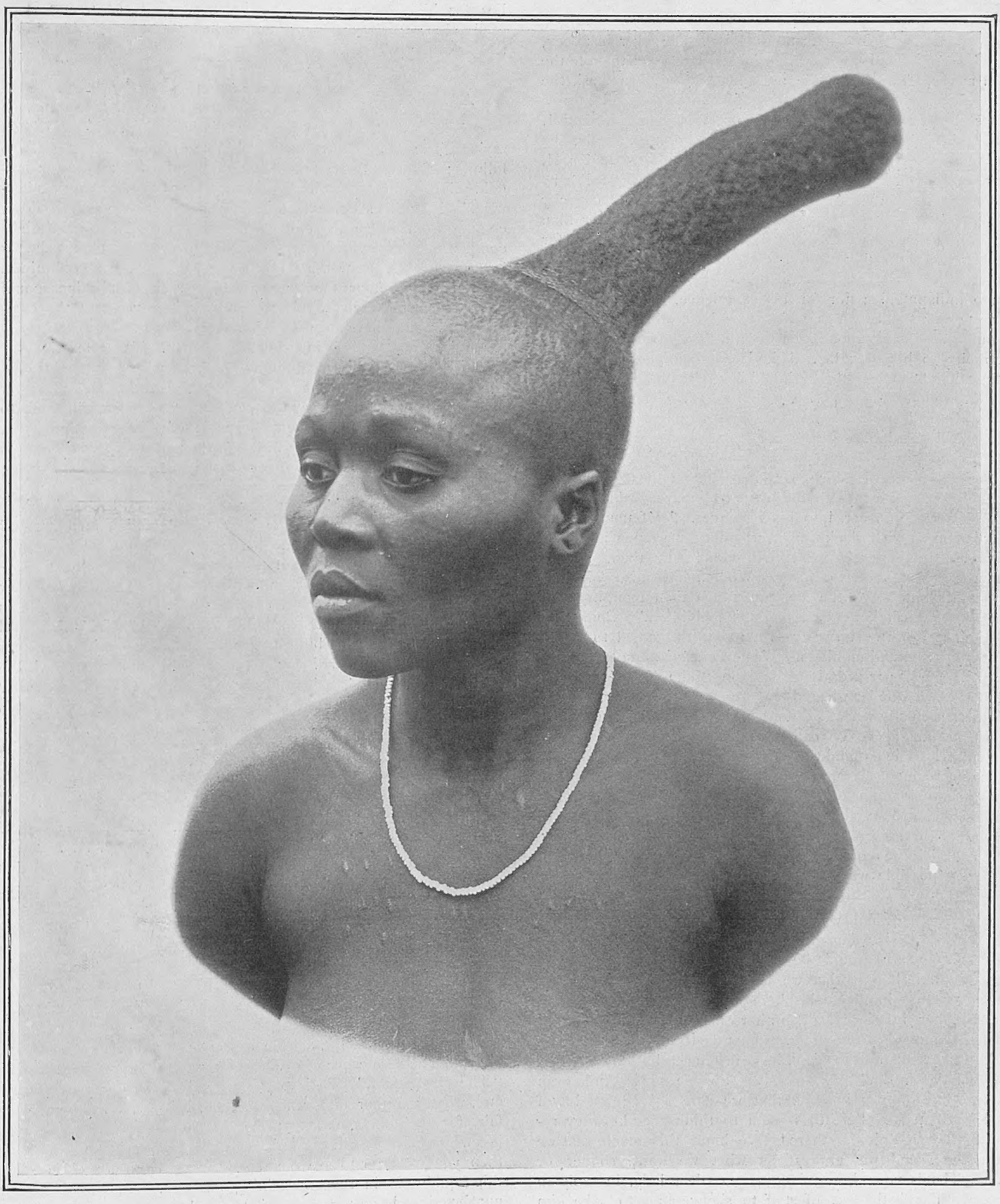

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